

The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

JULY 5, 1947

PRICE

3^d



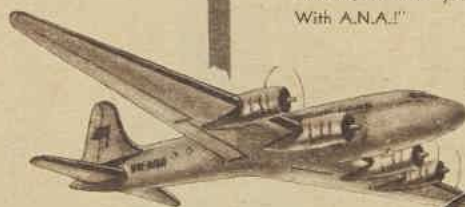


"On the road?" Well, not exactly! Show business certainly keeps you on the move a lot. But the theatre has come a long way since the old vaudeville days. Now our engagements are booked ahead and we run to schedule. We play a town for a pre-determined period and then simply move on by plane to the next on the list. A.N.A. Skymasters have become the familiar form of travel with us. We enjoy the comfort and the rest we have en route. Today, instead of "on the road," the phrase is "on the wing."

ROUND THE CLOCK



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WING YOUR WAY WITH



A U S T R A L I A N N A T I O N A L A I R W A Y S P T Y . L T D .

CUTE, ISN'T SHE?

By RICHARD STERN

BETTY, gazing out of the window to the city far below, was thinking of Carl, and the thoughts were jarred by the voice of J. Worth Stevens, her host and her employer, who was telling, with the full authority of Atlas Pictures, Inc., last week's off-color story, which, apparently, was rampant on the Coast this week. His audience, his guests, hung on the great man's words. Betty's back expressed her impatience.

It was there, beside the window, that John, who had heard the story from different publishers six days in a row at lunch, found her. He came across the room furtively.

"Oh," he said. He sought for polite words. "It's a nice party," he added.

Betty glared up at him. "Is it?"

"It's a nice apartment," he said.

"Too nice?" Betty nodded. "Yes, I'll agree to that."

"That isn't what I meant," said John.

"I'm particularly fond," said Betty, "of people who make stupid remarks."

John flushed. There was gentle reproach on his face. "I wouldn't have believed," he said slowly, "that so many people would come to a party they don't like just to make themselves unhappy."

"If you're talking about me—" Betty began angrily, and there she stopped. She was becoming more and more childish every day, she thought. "I came to this party," she said, "because I have to. I work for a living. At least," she said, "I suppose that's what you'd call it. I'm the New York story editor

for Atlas, so when J. Worth Stevens is in town I turn out like a good little soldier to swell his cocktail parties and show him what a great man he is."

John said, "Oh." There was earnestness on his face. "Do you know—I mean have you read a novel called 'So This Is Spring'?" Betty pressed her lips into a thin straight line. "It hasn't been published yet," said John, "but—"

"I've read a synopsis of it," said Betty. After all, it was probably true; she read synopses of almost everything that appeared in print. Heaven help her if she missed something and another studio got it. "It drooled as well as most of them."

"Oh," said John. "You disliked it."

"Was it worth disliking?"

From across the room, J. Worth roared, "Miss Lewis!"

"Yes," said Betty. She made no move.

The great man came across the room. He looked down at Betty. "You didn't like my story?"

"You pay me to dislike stories, not to like them," she replied.

J. Worth looked pleased. He looked around. He saw John and wondered, absently, who he was. But it didn't make any difference. "Cute," he said, "isn't she? She

snaps at me. Cute and smart. Smartest story editor in the business."

"Is that," said Betty, "why you pay me too much money?"

"See?" said J. Worth. "She never says anything straight out." He looked down at Betty again. "You're due for a rise. You'll get it."

"I don't want a rise," said Betty. "My conscience hurts already."

"See?" said J. Worth. "She's always like that. Smart. Different approach." He bent over, close to Betty's ear. "I've got a message for you," he said.

"You might as well stand up and about," said Betty, "as do it in my ear."

J. Worth straightened. He looked pleased. "Carl sent his best," he said. "He wanted to send more than that, but he said he couldn't trust me."

"The United States mail," said Betty, "is thoroughly trustworthy."

J. Worth frowned. "Carl is busy. He's always busy since he went to the Coast."

It hadn't always been like that. When Carl was here in New York, before his promotion, they worked

together and played together and laughed together at Hollywood.

"Carl's a first-class boy," said J. Worth. "He works hard. I—" He stopped there and his eyes grew round, as they always did at these sudden inspirations which were the proof of genius. "You," he said. "You haven't been out to the Coast for a long time. You're due. You come out. Then you can see Carl."

"You know," said Betty slowly, "sometimes you're nice. When you relax. The gold heart." She was smiling, and there was warmth in her eyes. "And the paper head," she added.

J. Worth beamed. "Cute!" he roared and turned away.

Betty watched him go. She was smiling. And then she saw John, and the smile disappeared. "I hope," she said, "that you heard everything. If there was any you missed, I'll repeat it."

"I didn't—" John began slowly. "Fascinating," said Betty. She stood up and marched across the room.

The party began to disintegrate. J. Worth, with dexterity of long

practice, circulated among his guests, shaking their hands and easing them toward the door. To Betty he said, "Remember. Orders. Out to the Coast." He frowned at his own vagueness. "By the end of the week," he added. "Wire us ahead."

"Collect," said Betty. J. Worth looked pleased.

In the lift Betty drew on her gloves and thought warmly of the Coast and of Carl. It had been a long, long time.

She got out of the lift quickly and walked to the street. Someone spoke her name and she turned to see John, hat in hand.

"Miss Lewis," he said, "I wanted to apologise. I didn't intend to listen."

"Look—" she began.

"I have a taxi," said John. He pointed. There it was, against the kerb. "I'd like to take you—"

"Where?" Betty demanded.

"Wherever you want to go."

"I live in Brooklyn," she said. "In the far end of Brooklyn."

"May I take you home?"

"Ye gods," said Betty. "You would too!" She looked again at the taxi. "Let's go," she said.

Romance pursued her, as she made that eventful journey to the Coast.

John followed her across the footpath. "Brooklyn," he said to the driver.

"No," said Betty. "MacDougal Street, in the Village. In case you didn't hear all of it upstairs," she went on, "there is a man who is out on the Coast now who occupies that part of my mind that I leave free from business. I just thought I'd rough in the picture for you in case you had ideas."

John's eyes dropped to her gloved hand.

"No," Betty said savagely, "I'm not married to him. I'm not even engaged to him. I'm just in love with him."

"I didn't—" he began.

"Yes," said Betty. "That's what I thought. Now we have it straight."

John said slowly, "I wondered if—"

"What?" Betty asked.

John repeated, "I wondered if you would have dinner with me?"

"When?" Betty demanded.

"To-night. Now."

"Are you beginning to get ideas already?" She looked at him. "No," she said, "you aren't. Not you."

John grinned. "Dinner?"

"Yes, I think you're harmless."

John gave directions to the driver. He sat back in his corner again. His lips were straight, but there were tiny wrinkles around his eyes.

Betty said savagely, "You look as if you had just won first prize."

"I was thinking that actually you aren't as hard as you make out."

"A lot of people have been fooled into thinking that," said Betty grimly.

"I won't get ideas," said John.

They ate an excellent dinner at a small restaurant, where the music was soft and unobtrusive.

Afterward they found another taxi and settled themselves into it. "Not fast," Betty said to the driver. "Slow and easy, while I digest."

John walked with her to her door. He stood by while she got it unlocked. She turned to face him. "Thank you," she said softly. "It's been an evening I'll remember." She stood waiting.

"I enjoyed it," said John. His hat was in his hand and he made no move.

Betty's foot stirred uneasily, and a little frown appeared between her eyes. "Well," she said, "if I must, I must." She grasped John's ears firmly and tugged him into range. Her kiss was somewhat unperfunctory. She released John's ears and stepped back. "It's more or less usual, you know," she said. And then she snapped, "But don't let it give you ideas."

Betty went to her work during the next three days with the single-mindedness of a vacuum cleaner. She refused invitations and she ate her meals sitting at her desk, ears-deep in synopses. It was three days later that she sent two wires to the Coast, one to J. Worth and one to Carl. J. Worth's was collect and somewhat cryptic: HERE I GO INTO THE BRIGHT BLUE YONDER HUZZAH BETTY. Carl's was more definite, having to do with dates and times, and closing with LOVE.

She took a taxi to the airlines building. She thought briefly of John as she passed Washington Square and, for a moment, the memory of their evening was warm in her mind. But the thoughts of the Coast, of Carl, wiped the memory away. John was forgotten.

At La Guardia there was a telegram awaiting her: I'M HOLDING MY BREATH, I'M ALSO STREWING BURBANK WITH FLOWERS. LOVE, CARL.

Betty stretched her legs at Cleveland. At the gate to the field, the passenger agent handed her a box. "Wired from Los Angeles," he said. "A white orchid."

A box of candy, salted nuts and another white orchid awaited her at different places on the route.

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Ever throw a knife at a Blonde?

By DICK WORDLEY



EVER throw a knife at five-foot-something above sea level, with blonde hair, lips like crushed wet cherries, and eyes that remind you of expensive satin?

Ever do that? No? Friend, you have never lived. I know. Because I threw a knife at a blonde. I was sane, sober, and it was not just something that happened in a fast, unsteady moment. I had dreamed it up, thought about it, and worked it all out very, very slowly.

One summer I walked the hot, hard streets of town for over two weeks. I was a young man with plenty of ambition and I was looking for a job. People were all very encouraging, nice, and well-mannered. Most of them even invited me to come again. "Come again," they said. "Perhaps later on..."

But their encouragement did nothing to my bank-book. Pounds into pence and pence into red ink. Then the circus arrived. At the circus they needed extra assistants to roll up mats, spread sawdust, they said in the advertisements, sweep chips, feed animals, and tie the tent-ropes. They engaged me for one month.

In the daytime I was Alastair "Nobody" Hutt, monkey feeder, but, at nights, during the show, I felt as if I was doing something to make the circus go round. It was my job then to stand close outside the sawdust with a half-Greek named Joe

Ferrari and clear the ring after each act. That is how I first watched Admiral Larkin do his stuff.

Larkin? He was the knife-thrower. He was the best knife-thrower I ever saw. He looked so careless, as if he was drunk, as if he did not realise what he was doing. His gestures were so easy they became magnificent. He would swing those knives as if they were made of rag.

Spellbound, I'd watch them split the air like quicksilver ahead of time and quiver around the very beautiful body of Biddy Malone.

Biddy was his assistant. She was a blonde. And such a blonde! One look at Biddy and I was silly with dreams. After the act, as I collected the knives and wide cork pedestal, my head reeled out of this world with visions of me and Biddy in a knife act.

The month wore down into its final week. They told me the circus was moving on. I would finish in five days. Four days, three, two—but knife-throwing burnt hot in my blood. Knives were my future. Two nights and a day. What to do?

There was only one way. I would have to speak to Larkin. Which I did, after the show—walked across the yards to his caravan and knocked.

"Enter." Majesty in a voice. He lolled on a bright vermilion rug that draped his bed, and his shining black boots

rested on a chair. He looked up at me.

"You," he said. "You beg my attendance?"

I came to the point. It was easier. "I would like to learn how to throw knives," I said.

He stood up. His broad chest lifted like a balloon full of gas. I felt like a pup in a cathedral.

"Please," I ended. The big boots moved.

"You... you... throw knives?"

His heavy, earth-colored face was close to mine.

"Yes." A minute died.

"Knife-throwing," he rumbled, "is a great art."

I think I replied "Yes." I don't remember.

"Knife-throwing is like nothing else at all. It... it is the greatest art. You paint a picture. It is not good. So," he paused, "you tear it up. You write some music. You don't like it. You burn it on a fire. You throw a knife. It is one bad throw..."

Silence. Electric. "You kill somebody."

He dropped a hand. "Nobody should learn to throw knives. Nobody!"

"But you..."

Chain lightning ripped his eyes. Thunder boomed on his tongue.

"I... am Admiral Larkin."

I saw my chance. "Then if anybody could teach me, you could. You, as no one else, because you are," my voice lifted, "Admiral Larkin."

Silence. I waited. Everything waited. I felt my spine hard on the caravan door. Before me the gruff, soiled face began to shift with expression and slow wrinkles. His voice came. Relaxed.

"Have you," he said, "a cigarette?" I handed him a pack. He chose one carefully. Then with his big, white teeth, he smiled.

"Go away. I will think."

I left.

All day nothing happened. The night came. The final performance. I stood with Joe Ferrari outside the sawdust. With a smash of cymbals and some high, whining, honkytonk brass, Admiral Larkin marched into the ring with Biddy Malone. I looked at both of them. Especially at Biddy. All that smooth glamor belonging to one little blonde. It was silly and too good. The Admiral raised his first knife. For one moment his wide head turned. He fired me a glance. Direct. The knife sprung from his hand. Fast. I followed it.

Biddy Malone did not move as it shivered right alongside her lovely, pink neck.

"Oh, Biddy," I said to myself, "you are really wonderful."

"Hut!"

I turned. It was "Arbuckle" Johnson. Mister "Arbuckle" Johnson, the owner of this circus. He was fat and little, a two-pint barrel with expensive spectacles. He said that he could use me; would I like a job? I said yes. He said he was impressed. I said, "Thank you." He said he had been watching me carefully, I could stay on with the circus. Would I like that? I said yes again, knowing that he had been as unaware of my existence as the President and that the pressure behind his words was the Admiral. The Admiral was just that important.

Larkin was a big name in the circus business. If he chose to walk out he could get a job anywhere he pleased.

Knife-throwers are rarer than nylons.

"You," "Arbuckle" finished, "will understand the Admiral. You will be always on hand in case the Admiral gets sick or something. You will spend one hour with him each day. Other times you will be employed in the feeding department."

"Yes," I said.

"You will report to my secretary, Miss Jones. She will allot you a caravan."

"Yes," I said.

"Miss Jones is now in my office."

The "office" was a caravan. I walked over, feeling high-up inside and very successful. A man with prospects. "ALASTAIR HUTT, KNIFE-THROWER." I could see it in my mind, glowing with neons. I entered the "office."

Miss Lucy Jones sat by a typewriter. The first thing you noticed was her hair. Lucy was a blonde, too, but with her there was none of that gilt-edged appeal that came with Biddy Malone. Lucy was different. She was like her name, Lucy Jones. When you said it you

received a mental glimpse of white lace and kittens in a basket.

"You're working late."

"Yes," she answered, "there is always a heap to do before we close. Can I help you?"

"You can put my name on the permanent payroll," I said. "I'm the new knife-thrower."

"You're a which?"

"Well," I said, "it's only a matter of time."

"Is your name, Hutt? Mr. A. Hutt?"

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I get full marks
for my washing

since I've had

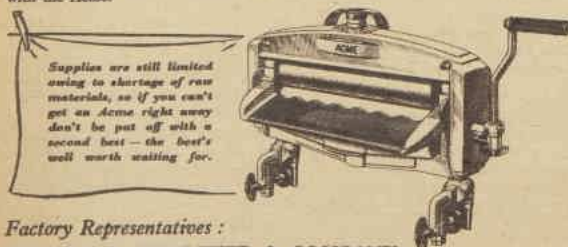
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Supplies will again become available when present restrictions are removed

EVAN WILLIAMS
shampoo keeps
the hair young.

MOTHER, DEAR MOTHER

By . . .
**DALE
COLLINS**

Further news
of the Brown
family.



Even with Susan and Felicity
straddled across her, Midge
contrived to look happy.

BBROWN looked ill, pale, and tired, harassed, as if something terrible had happened. "Good heavens, man," I said, "what's the matter? Were you wise to come to town? You've been at death's door, surely?"

He dropped limply into a chair. "No," he said, "much worse than that—Midge has been off-color."

"But you don't mean to say . . ."

I protested, for the explanation didn't make sense.

"I do mean to say!" said Brown with unwonted firmness. "That's what's wrecked me. You live here in your rooms in St. James, waited on hand and foot by a staff of servants. You don't know the half of it. But mind, I don't envy you. When I'm ill I'm much more comfortable than you are. Somebody really cares whether I live or die. That makes a whole of a difference. I haven't so many people looking after me—only one—but that one's better than your battalions. It's when she goes sick that a man realises how dependent and helpless he is, and there's the devil to pay."

"Tell me the sad story," I said, under his spell again. "I don't quite get it."

"Of course you don't," said Brown. "You're a self-centred, spoilt, rich bachelor."

Well, I like Brown for being different from me, so I had no kick, but sat back and listened as Brown continued his story.

The villagers in our part of the world live on money they coin out of the air. It must be some old country secret, like making parsnip wine. Or that's the only explanation I can think of for the fact that none of them wants to earn anything.

We're still without a gardener, though the pay works out at a pound a day, and as for help in the home—why, the local paper's principal source of revenue is the "Wanted" advertisements. I don't know if any of the other box numbers get replies; ours never does, and I've spent so much I should be a shareholder in the paper by now. Personal inquiries yield equally depressing results.

At the Labor Exchange they looked blank and puzzled.

"You want a daily help?" said the Big Chief when I wangled past minor officials. "Who doesn't?"

"But surely with the war over all this time, and people not getting those fabulous wages any more, and

most of the women's forces demobilised, there should be something going by now?"

"Not for domestic work," he said. "To tell the truth, if someone did chance to come along by some miracle I should grab her myself. The wife is having another baby next month and I couldn't afford to be noble."

A cheering interview!

At last a friend—and what a friend indeed we thought him!—announced he had found us. Someone. He knew nothing about her, and could not vouch for her in any way. But we could not afford to be fussy. Somebody was so much better than Nobody. I wrung his hand. Her name was Mrs. Piggott. She would be along on Sunday. I hurried home to The Rookery with the news, jubilant.

"We'll wait till Monday, dear, before we start the cheering," said Midge.

It grieved me to see what war and peacetime housekeeping had done to Midge. When we were married she was just a simple, trusting girl. Now she was a cynical woman whose girlish dreams were dead. Marriage and two babies had disillusioned her.

"Why, you old misery," I said, "I thought you'd dance for joy."

"Perhaps I shall on Monday," said Midge. "Not just now—I've all this washing to do. Will you be sweet and put it through the wringer for me? I want to get it out while the sun's shining."

Five minutes later we'd had the best of the day, and it was raining. I turned the wringer on the alert to save Susan and Felicity from losing their fingers in the rollers.

"Cheer up, Midge," I said. "After Monday everything's going to be O.K."

Monday came, but Mrs. Piggott didn't.

Midge isn't the sort to say, "I told you so!" But she had taken the precaution of not allowing the work to get behind. It's wise for a housewife not to be an optimist.

On Tuesday, though she was an hour late, Mrs. Piggott did appear. She was a gaunt woman, past her prime, and rather odd in manner. Her non-arrival was explained in a way which seemed quite natural and convincing to her, but struck us as a trifle peculiar. It seemed she'd been out riding on the back of a motor-cycle on the Sunday and had lost her purse. It was a difficult picture to visualise, but Midge gave her her fares for the week.

Mrs. Piggott didn't do much work. She had very little time really, for she had so many sorrowful tales to tell. She certainly had the worst luck in the world. She looked at our eggs, and sighed that her hens had never laid once, though she had gone without food to see that they were well done by. Yet never an egg, and in that basin we had six! It made you think!

Our stock of coal had just been replenished. The sight made her wag her head. She was going back to a cold house without so much as a stick of firewood, while others had the best part of five hundredweight of lovely coal. She almost wept over our emergency board of four tins of sardines. There was real nourishment in them when you were cold and hungry. Somebody had stolen the points page from her ration book.

I heard some of this and called Midge aside and gave a stern warning. It was almost worth two shillings an hour to see Midge steeling her gentle heart.

The work Mrs. Piggott did wasn't.

ON the third day she only appeared for two hours in the afternoon. Dreadful things had been happening to her. Even the horrid conductor on the bus had told her she'd only paid a shilling when really it was Midge's half-crown. But she was brave through it all.

On the fourth day she didn't come at all, and in the evening I volunteered to find her home and pay her off.

Mrs. Piggott opened the door. A bright fire burned in the front room, and a bottle of nourishing stout stood on the table. She wasn't at all upset by my news.

By the time I'd looked in at the Crumpled Horned Cow and so on, I'd been away a matter of two hours. I found that Midge, with the babies safely abed, had turned to and given The Rookery such a cleaning that it sparkled like the royal yacht.

It was her thanks offering for never having to see Mrs. Piggott again.

Next we had a lady who agreed to oblige by coming in for two hours four afternoons a week. Better than nothing. The trouble was that round about noon the telephone would ring and her small boy would shout breathlessly, "Ma can't come today!" and hang up. There was never any explanation either then or later.

The small boy was a pretty bright lad all the same. When he wasn't at school Ma brought him along. He drew me aside one day and remarked confidentially, "Gee, Mr. Brown, that Susan of yours is going to be a smashing dame!"

A smart youngster like that might be useful for running errands or something. For that reason only I gave him sixpence to spend on the comics he loved.

We decided, however, that Ma couldn't afford to spend sixpence every week on telephone calls, and that we would manage somehow.

And then, of course, it happened. I brought home a heavy cold. That really didn't matter. I had a comfortable three days in bed with hot-water bottles and every attention and the door locked on the inside so that the turbulence of the babies was only a faint rumor in the distance. A rest cure. I enjoyed it.

When I was better I had to go to London for a day, and on my return found Midge lying on the couch sobbing. Now Midge in that state was something new. She can't afford to be ill. When a cold develops she says it's nothing and she'll shake it off. She carries on, and eventually she hasn't a cold any more. Before the war she didn't know what a cold meant. But her resistance is down to nil now, and she gets plenty of them. But this was different. She was running such a temperature that you could have boiled an egg on her forehead. I undressed her, put her to bed, and called the doctor.

"A nasty bout of influenza." He prescribed the usual useless things which, after all the centuries, is the best medical science can do for simple ailments. "Keep her in bed until she's quite better."

He went off gaily as if he had left the easiest instructions in the world. "I've put the children's clothes and breakfast ready for the morning," Midge said. "At least I hope I have—I was feeling rather queer towards the evening. What a nuisance I am, darling!"

"You're not," I said stoutly. "You're grand. Now get some sleep. I'm in charge of everything, and you're going to have a real rest. Leave it all to me."

"Bless you," she said, and snuggled down.

The night was fine. I prayed the morrow might be the same, for it would make all the difference if I could bundle the children out into the garden.

The morrow brought a gale and teeming rain. Midge, still burning, roused herself to give me helpful directions.

Other people we know have boilers just like ours, and feed them on rubbish and clinders with the happiest results. Our boiler's diet is the best coke, but it remains uncooperative. The boiler was out—not burned out, but full of fuel which would have to be cleared away. It wasn't a happy omen. Susan and Felicity were chanting from their cots, and making extraordinary banging sounds. I took them into the kitchen, which should have been warm, but wasn't.

As I think I've said before, ours are very good children, unlike other people's. But being dressed by Daddy couldn't be serious. It was obviously a game to be played with gusto.

I had intended to heat the milk first, but the weather had delayed delivery. A rather tricky situation had arisen, with Susan standing on one leg on one chair, and Felicity swaying on another, leaning at angles which a gymnast could not hope to recover when there was a frantic banging at the back door. Despite the chill of the morning I was hot and bothered.

"What'd you want?" I demanded, flinging open the door.

A very haughty lady stood there, registering disdain.

"I want bottles if you want milk," she said.

I found the bottles and she swept away.

It seemed wise to put the milk on while I finished Operation Dressing. It didn't boil over until I was just buttoning Susan's shoe, so it was very close to being a good idea. The children found new delight in the milk sizzling on the electric stove and cascading to the floor. I turned on the oven, instead of switching off the hot plate, but that didn't really matter, as the saucepan was empty. I only discovered about the oven two hours later.

Apart from burning it, and making an awful mess of a saucepan, I warmed the breakfast food up very nicely.

Touched by the tears in my eyes, and the choking note in my appeals, the children calmed down and ate very well, though Felicity, of course, had to be helped.

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A SUMMER OF PLENTY
ERIC LANGKER

"A Summer of Plenty"

WILL LAWSON, author of "When Cobb & Co. was King", "Old Man Murray", "The Lady of the Heather", "Forbidden Gold", "Black Diamonds", "Bill the Whaler" and other famous novels and verse collections.



There is nothing so beautiful under the sun as the play of the wind in a field of Australian wheat, bunching it with invisible hands, spreading it with ghostly fingers and with airy wings shaking it till it trembles in a vision of shimmering loveliness. In the rain, when moonlight silvers the quiet world, how heavy are the heads of grain with moisture gathered to run down golden stalks to the thirsty roots! So do Nature's alchemists, the sun and the wind and the rain, give to Vita-Weat its healthful riches, for Vita-Weat contains the golden goodness of the best Australian wheat.

Will Lawson



Vita-Weat Crispbread has all the body-building, energy-giving elements of ripe, whole wheat, including bran and natural roughage. It is not fattening, and its crisp wheat flavour makes it a favourite addition to any meal.

Peck Frean's **Vita-Weat**
The Nation's Crispbread

NO WIND OF BLAME

By GEORGETTE HEYER

INSPECTOR COOK, delighted to be summoned to a conference with Inspector Hemingway, was much more impressed than Sergeant Wake had been by the disclosure that Harold White was now heir to Clara Carter's fortune.

Although, casting his mind over all the circumstances of the murder, he said he couldn't see for the life of him how White could have had any part in it, he was perfectly ready to work over every inch of the ground again.

"Though whether I'll be able to remember all that Miss White said, I doubt," he warned Hemingway. "There was precious little that seemed to have any bearing on the case, and you know how she talks!" He drew up a chair to the table and sat down to refresh his memory with a glance through the folder that contained his own report.

"Taking it from when Miss White came out of the house, there was her, and Samuel Jones, and White sitting round the tea-table outside the drawing-room."

"In full view of the bridge," interpolated Hemingway.

"That's right. The garden's pretty overgrown with flowering shrubs, but there's a strip of lawn running down to the bridge which only has a bed of dahlias in it. Clear view of the bridge and of the thicket on the Greystanes side, of course. I took note of that."

"You can catch a glimpse here and there of the paths they cut at Greystanes. And, of course, you can see the roof of Mrs. Carter's house through the trees. Now you'll have to let me think a moment. Yes, here it is." His finger traced the typewritten words.

"Miss White was the one that called attention to Carter. She caught sight of him coming down one of the paths, where the bushes aren't so thick, and she got up, and said she'd go and make the tea."

"I remember that. The maid was out. White was sitting by the table all this time?"

"Yes, but according to Miss White, it was then that he asked her why she hadn't brought any cigarettes out."

"It was, eh? After Carter had been seen?"

Cook raised his eye from the folder, and gazed frowningly into space. "Yes, after Carter had been seen. She said she'd go and get the cigarettes, but he told her not to bother, and walked over to his study window, which, as you know, Inspector, is hidden from the bridge by a bed full of flowering currant bushes, and the like."

"Go on," said Hemingway. "What happened next?"

"Miss White said she was standing looking down to the bridge when suddenly the shot sounded, and she saw Carter fall. I asked her particularly, at the time, if she'd noticed any movement in the shrubbery, and she said no, she hadn't noticed anything."

Hemingway looked a little disappointed.

"No," he said, scratching his chin, "that won't do. Not as it stands. There must have been something else happened after White went to the study window, and before Miss White saw Carter fall. If there wasn't anything, then I'll have to own I don't see how White could have done it."

"Well, nothing did happen," said Cook. "I remember Miss White saying that she was just standing



Maurice stopped her. "Mary, look at me! I thought—I could have sworn—" he said.

there, not thinking of anything in particular—" He stopped. "Now, just a moment. The gate. She said she was thinking that the hinges on it ought to be oiled, or something of the sort. They certainly do creak badly. I wonder—would that sort of fit in?"

"It might. The creak of the gate being the signal, in a manner of speaking. Though it doesn't explain how White could have fired that shot. However, there's no sense in trying to rush things. What happened when Carter fell?"

"Miss White screamed," replied Cook. "White asked her what the devil was the matter—he's a testy chap, you know—and she must have told him, I suppose, for he came over to her, to see for himself. Yes, and he had a box of cigarettes in his hand right enough, for he chuckled it on to one of the chairs."

"I saw it there myself, with the cigarettes spilled all round it. No hanky-panky about that. He said he was going to reach in through the study window for a box of cigarettes and that's just what he did do."

"While his son shot Carter," interjected Sergeant Wake. Cook turned his head. "What's that? Young White? I don't see him doing it myself."

"Wake's got a notion it was a put-up job between the two Whites," explained Hemingway.

"Well!" said Cook. "It's common knowledge young Alan loathes his father. But as for him firing a rifle I doubt if he'd know how."

Hemingway nodded. "That's what I thought. Go back to the moment when White chuckled the cigarettes on to the chair, will you? What happened next?"

"He shouted to Miss White and Jones not to stand staring, but to come down and see what they could do for Carter, then he set off for the bridge. They ran after him, of course, but Carter must have been dead before they got there."

"In fact," said Hemingway, "White got his two witnesses out of the way, for it's not to be supposed they'd pay any attention after that to anything except Carter's body."

"You can put it that way if you like," Cook said, staring. "Seems to me a natural thing for them all to run down to the bridge."

"It's too natural," said Hemingway. "The whole of it. There's something fishy about this chain of highly plausible circumstances. There was

a very good reason for asking Carter over in the first place, and that same reason made it look as though White was the last person to want him dead. Go on, Cook. What happened on the bridge?"

"White told Miss White to try and stop the bleeding, and ran back to

the house to get hold of a doctor, and to ring us up."

Hemingway nodded approvingly. "And very right and proper, I'm sure! Where's the telephone?"

"In the hall. I saw it," replied Cook.

Please turn to page 26

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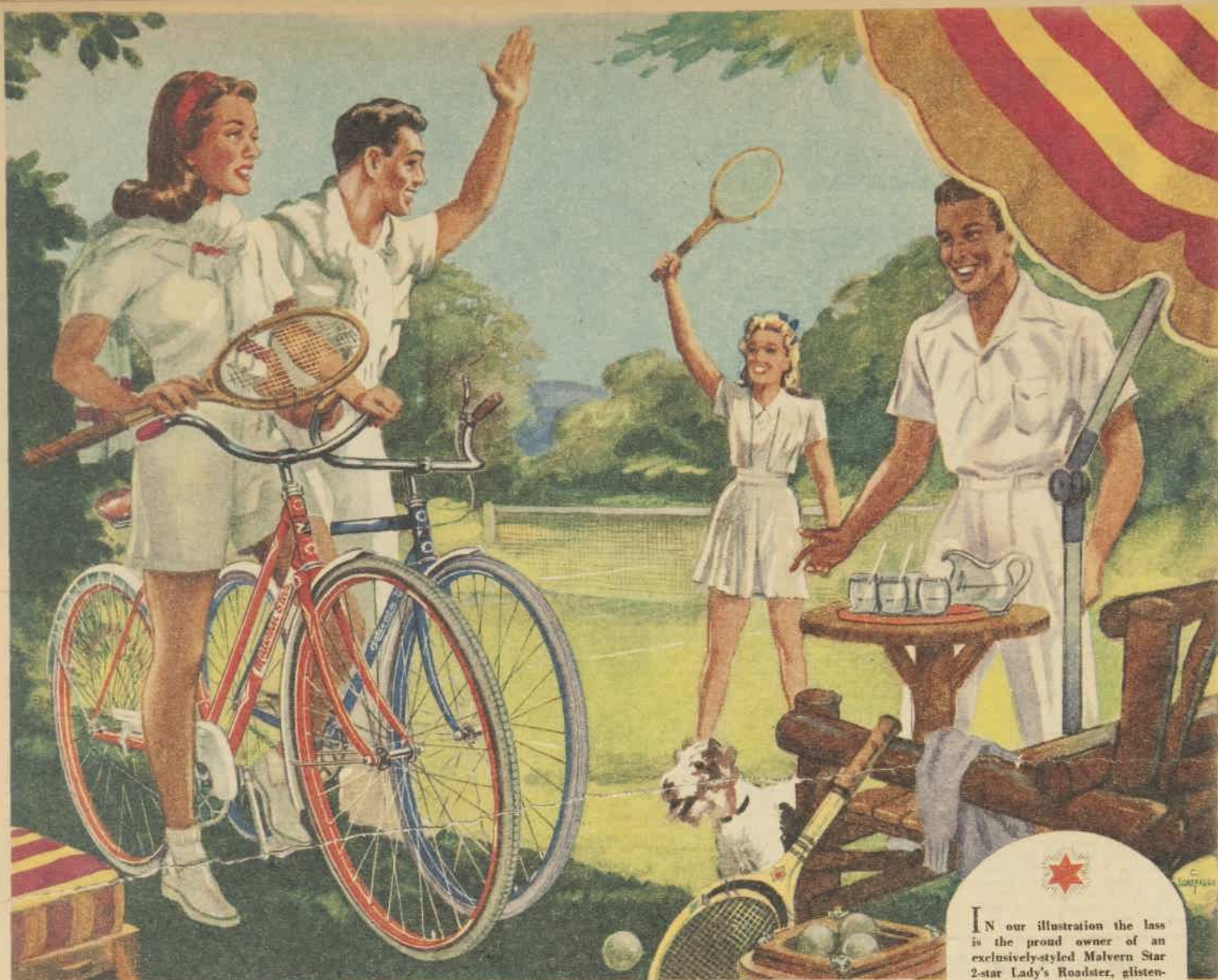


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Parades bring you Paris' most advanced ideas

This year's collection features styles designers have only just created

By BETTY WILKINSON

Back in Australia after selecting clothes for The Australian Women's Weekly French Fashion Parades, Mrs. Mary Hordern says the collection includes a style representative of every new trend in Paris.

Value of these fashion parades to Australian women was fully realised by Mrs. Hordern when she saw four fashions included in The Australian Women's Weekly parades last year still being featured this year in every Paris collection.

THESE four fashions are the pedal - pusher trousers, last year shown only by Jacques Fath, this year included in every collection, side

drappings, suits of printed materials, and corselet tops.

When she chose them they were a forecast rather than a fashion.

This will undoubtedly apply in an even more marked degree with the

gown she has chosen this year, which are in some details actually ahead of the general Paris fashions.

Mrs. Hordern set out on her job of selection with definite ideas.

It was just as well, because she was faced with more than 4000 frocks, from which she had to choose about 100, with at least 70 hats to go with them, as well as shoes and accessories.

Her method was businesslike.

From between 35 and 40 dress houses she made a first selection of 10 ensembles from each house, varying from formal evening gowns to sports wear.

The designers presented her with sketches of these ten dresses.

"But do you think they would let me take those designs back to my hotel and look at them in peace? Not they. The sketches were sent to the Chambre Syndicale and I was never allowed to be alone with them for a minute.

"I had to spread them out everywhere. Over tables, chairs, on the floor, along the mantelpiece.

"Just when I had myself nicely organised, the Chambre Syndicale workers would decide it was lunch-time, and they would all go home and I must leave the premises with them.

"So I had to gather all the sketches up again and start right from the beginning in the afternoon. It was simply maddening.

Suits for everybody

"At last I rebelled and, after much beseeching, managed to get one assistant to stay on as my guard during the lunch-hour.

"From ten I whittled the selections down to six from each house. And then to make the final choice I just couldn't be exact about having the same number from each designer; but had to concentrate on variety.

"I wanted a suit for every age, every figure, every weight, and every time of the year.

"I got them all."

Looking at the sketch of a frock Lucien Lelong calls Gladys, Mrs. Hordern explained why she had chosen it.

"It has an absolutely new line," she said, "not duplicated in any other collection. And it has the great practical advantage that I can show at least four different ways it can be adapted when it is copied here."

Another basic frock in the collection is a model, also by Lelong, called Violaine. It is made of grey wool trimmed with swishes of matching chiffon. It has a good line either as a short day frock or as a long evening gown.

It was worn in the Paris collections with a big felt hat, lined under the brim with floral chiffon.

Because Christian Dior had the most dramatic influence on Paris, Mrs. Hordern was determined to get frocks typical of his line, the pinched waist and full-flaring skirt, which has distinction but at the same time is easy to duplicate.

The typical Dior frock chosen for our parades and illustrated on this

★ In combing Paris Mrs. Hordern made special efforts to get exactly the right shoes. Among the models Perugia made specially for The Australian Women's Weekly were those with platforms built-in for the girl who can carry them, Janine Lequievre; flat shoes for Suzanne Combe; ankle straps for Lydia Leplat; special styles for Maggy Sarragne.

By doing this all the styles that have made Perugia the leader of fashion for shoes all over the world have been incorporated.

He said nothing is smarter than the neutral shade of grey, mostly in suede, being worn with everything.



OUR FASHION ADVISER, Mrs. Mary Hordern, wearing a hyacinth-blue felt hat by Rose Valois, with huge brim, and decorated at the back with a big cluster of lilac-pink roses.

page is made of black wool with big black velvet bows on the bodice.

"When I saw 'Aude,' another design by Lelong, I realised that here was exactly the right frock for a 16-year-old to attend her first ball," explained Mrs. Hordern. "I think it so much more suited to the teenager than any long dress."

"It has a new exciting line with its looped-under skirt, so that any girl wearing it will know she is extremely smart. The one in our parade is made of ink-blue taffeta.

"On the shoulder is pinned a lilac-pink flower.

"This pink is used in practically everything. With white in stripes and spots, in florals, and particularly with very soft lettuce-green.

"Green itself is used in every conceivable shade."

Mrs. Hordern bought some lovely Parisian jewellery which she will lend to the mannequins for the dress parades.

Huge pearls form double or triple chokers and are gathered into bunches at the throat. Others are made up in long double strings, which are looped around the neck, tied in casual knots to hang down either back or front, or treated in any eccentric way that strikes the wearer's fancy.

Earrings are huge, often made with one great flat pearl, and pearl bibs have returned to high favor, said Mrs. Hordern.

"It was exciting when our collection arrived at the packers and at last I could see it all together.

"Cries of delight greeted every article as it was taken from its small dress box with loving hands.

"The men packers joined in and showed much admiration while the girls had rapid tryings-on of the hats before slowing them away for their trip to Australia.

"They pack so beautifully that it is a joy to see them.

"The frocks are all laid out, then carefully filled with tissue-paper till they look like a person, arms and all.

"Then a tape is threaded through and nailed to the sides of the box, and the dress, looking like a dummy, is suspended, hardly touching the box anywhere.

"Tissue-paper is packed all round, and the same routine is followed until the long, full-length boxes have their quota.

"To pack the hats they are all carefully measured, large ones to fit in with smaller shapes laid alongside. Each hat is completely stuffed with tissue-paper. Tapes are laid crosswise and attached to the edge of the crown on the inside, then tacked through holes on the bottom, end, and sides of the box.

"It was an exciting moment for me when the things had all been checked, passed by the customs, nailed down, labelled 'The Australian Women's Weekly,' and started on their voyage across the world.

"I had the satisfaction of knowing that through last year's experience I was able to do 100 per cent. better this year.

"In Paris there is such wealth that it is not unusual to see a client spend £200 or £300 on hats in half an hour, especially as this season hats have doubled in price.

"Because of this, and because there is also such extreme poverty in France, I was asked on all sides for whom my collection was destined in Australia.

"My reply was that it was for everybody, because everything I have chosen could easily be copied, except for a few spectacle gowns, really designed just for mannequins to show."



CHRISTIAN DIOR designed this black wool afternoon frock with black velvet bows. Its pinched-in waist and full-flaring skirt are typical of the best line in his collection.

TRADE WITH JAPAN

PRIVATE trade with Japan will be revived after August 15—second anniversary of the capitulation of the Japanese.

Though many important questions of international trade relationship are raised by this revival, what the average woman is chiefly concerned with is whether she can ever again take into her home an item bearing the words "Made in Japan."

Memories of Australian nurses slaughtered on Banka Beach, of torture and slavery suffered by prisoners, have left an undying hatred of the Japanese people and deep repugnance towards all their work.

That is natural enough. It will take generations of good behaviour by the Japanese to wear out the disgust aroused by their fiendishness in World War II.

Against this feeling must be placed the simple fact that trade with Japan is not being revived for the benefit of the Japanese.

If Japan cannot export, she cannot pay for the imports which feed her people.

If she cannot pay for her food, she must be fed by the United Nations through the Armies of Occupation as the Germans are.

So when trade is revived, it will be for our own benefit, so that the Japanese can be self-supporting rather than a drain on Allied resources.

In a recent Foreign Affairs statement, Dr. Evatt (who will visit Japan this month for talks with General MacArthur) said:

"The Australian Government does not press for reparations from Japan which would cripple her economy, providing 'economy' means the peaceful development of those Japanese industries which cannot be of significance for purposes of war. The principle we approve is the prevention of the resurgence of Japan as a threat to peace by the elimination of her war potential..."

That is the crux of the matter in trade as in reparations.

It means that whatever trading goods Japan is allowed to send us, she can never again send out another bomber.



THE PARISIAN INFLUENCE, as seen by Sprod, who, fascinated by our forthcoming Paris Mannequin Parades, shows how that Paris touch is a knock-out for the males.

It seems to me...

IT has probably never occurred to you, dear reader, what a disastrous effect our Paris fashion parades have on the morale of the staff in their old winter tweeds.

(When I say the staff, I should exclude a certain proportion of our girls who manage always to look as if they never did anything so sordid as type or buy the vegetables.)

But with such as myself, whose make-up is always marred by a touch of typewriter-ribbon on the forehead, the result is a series of hurried sorties on the shops in an endeavor to live up to the atmosphere of glamor that the visiting mannequins bring with them.

But what's the use, anyway? Because the girls, Suzanne, Lydia, Maggy, and Janine, apart from their looks and clothes, are Parisiennes.

And the fact of being a Parisienne gives a woman, in the eyes of men, a romantic de Maupassantish, Crepe Suzetteish glamor—a head start such as owning inherited millions gives an eligible bachelor.

SOMETIMES, when considering what to write about this week, I feel it would be a great help if I got more indignant about more things.

Many people are able to keep in a continuous simmer of indignation about the state of the country, the state of the world, the iniquities of politicians, and the inefficiency of practically everyone except themselves.

However, as all women know, this deepens the railway lines between the eyebrows, and tends to make one a bore.

But there's one small thing that never fails to rouse me to an excessive degree of irritation—and that's the practice of writing anonymous marginal notes in library books.

I've just been reading Frank Harris' biography of Oscar Wilde, the edition with the preface by Bernard Shaw supporting Mr. Harris and attacking Mr. Robert Sherard for Mr. Sherard's attack on Mr. Harris.

If you can't disentangle that, no matter. You can still picture the additional confusion created by pencilled comments from an earlier reader—things like "So HE says," and "What rubbish!" and "I DON'T think"

WELL, I hope all you girls put your right wags on the census papers last week-end.

After that touching appeal by the census authorities, who say that women have a tendency to give their age in "round figures," and that it's really very silly, because all the personal details are kept secret, I felt I had to be frank.

Actually, I had always believed in frankness on this subject until an actress friend put an interesting viewpoint.

She says that in her profession it's a great mistake to be truthful, because people always say "My dear, she SAYS she's 33, so that means she MUST be 37 at least."

A girl I know simply put "young female of marriageable age."

"That's what Mr. Calwell says we need, isn't it?" she asks artlessly.

NOW that we're in the middle of the winter concert season, there comes up a question that always bothers me—how much of the applause we give at the end of a concert is purely a tribute to the performer, and how much an embarrassing demand for more than the fair share of encores?

It may be a rather entirely selfish outlook, but I feel that the performers have earned the promised programme and perhaps even the custom's sake, has fulfilled his or her contract for the evening.

Applause that comes after that, with the late train section of the audience, is to its credit often sounds more genuine than the applause.



Dorothy Drain

LATELY I've been spending occasional Saturdays in the company of two people who think, poor young things, that they are soon going to have their own house.

They have, at least, a piece of land, and to this they make a pilgrimage nearly every week-end, sitting happily on the boulders where the living-room will be, gazing lovingly at the noxious weeds which will eventually be supplanted by a vegetable garden.

On their journeys to the "site of proposed dwelling" they stare greedily at the brick shells waiting for tiles, and the foundations waiting for bricks.

They keep notebooks full of horrifying price lists of the furniture they will need, and lay siege to every builder within a ten-mile radius.

With their two children and themselves at present crowded into a house full of in-laws, and their heads full of dreams, they are the "Housing Problem" in essence.

I can't help thinking when I read predictions of the form the next war will take, of coups here and stern Notes there, that America and Russia and Britain are full of such couples waiting for little houses to live in—that surely none of us are going to be stupid enough to start anything that will smash up more bricks and tiles and burn more timber.

WHEN the Lord Mayor of Melbourne criticised his city not long ago he cited a number of points that could apply equally to other Australian capitals.

He spoke of the brief shopping time for workers, the lack of meals and amusements on Sundays and public holidays; suggested that as factories can work in shifts, why not shops?

This is a problem which will become more acute with the 40-hour week.

One solution would be the staggering of days off, but there are big obstacles to that. For instance, if some of the population had Friday and Saturday off, and others Saturday and Sunday, there would be strong opposition from the churches.

Make it an alternative of Saturday-Sunday, Sunday-Monday, and the opposition would be just as great, if not greater, from sporting bodies.

But if everyone is to have a fair share of leisure, and facilities for using the leisure, we can't all have holidays on the same days. It's a problem that will have to be faced eventually.

NEW York teen-age girls have launched a Wolf Protective Association, with the idea of organising nice girls to scare off the predatory male:—

There are innumerable sayings about wolves and their ways,

Handed down through the ages to modern days, Which have made my mind run on about this Wolf Protective Association,

And the young ladies responsible for its creation.

I don't want to sound uncharitable to my own sex, But I can't help thinking they may not be nervous wrecks

From an over-supply of masculine attention;

More likely (though this is merely my own contention) They are all crying Wolf like the boy in the fable.

While secretly desiring to resemble Betty Grable, And probably nothing would please them more

Than a wolf at the door.

Interesting People



LADY VIOLET BONHAM-CARTER

freedom of British Press
BEST KNOWN of three Englishwomen on Royal Commission investigating freedom of British Press is 60-year-old Lady Violet Bonham-Carter. Cultured and charming, she is staunch fighter for feminist causes. Says: "If men in workshops and factories worked half as hard as women do in the home, the battle for production would be won." Most important posts she has held were a governorship of the B.E.C. and presidency of Liberal Party, which she resigned recently.



SIR THOMAS DUNHILL

operated on Churchill
PHYSICIAN to the King and Royal Family, Thomas Dunhill, who operated on Winston Churchill recently, graduated from Melbourne University, where he paid for his course with money saved while a chemist's assistant. In 1914-18 war attracted attention of world-famous surgeons, was lent by A.I.F. to British Forces as consulting surgeon. In this war was appointed consulting surgeon to A.I.F., being first King's surgeon to hold an appointment with a Dominion force.



MISS BARBARA CHISHOLM

teaching, fishing, acting
NEW headmistress of Sydney Church of England Girls' Grammar School, Barbara Chisholm, is young, slim, brown-eyed. A New Zealander, she graduated in Arts at Canterbury College, later taught at Solway College and Waikato Diocesan, both in North Island. Loves trout fishing and dramatic work. Says: "My first job here was to learn names, faces of 450 pupils. I don't know how long I'll be here. Maybe for life. My predecessor was here for 25 years."

Duchess' niece wants a real family wedding

Loves Australia, looks forward to living here

Radioed by ANNE MATHESON
of our London staff

"I love Australia and I am delighted that my future home will be in the Commonwealth," Miss Eileen Phipps told me when I saw her at her country home, "Chalcot," Westbury, following the announcement of her engagement to Mr. Philip Kingsmill Parbury, D.S.O., M.C., ex-A.I.F., of Port Kembla, N.S.W.

Miss Phipps is a niece of the Duchess of Gloucester, and was one of her ladies-in-waiting in Australia. She is the daughter of Mr. C. B. H. Phipps and Lady Sybil Phipps of "Chalcot," Westbury, Wilts., England.

No plans have yet been made for the wedding until it is decided whether Mr. Parbury will go to England for it.

At the moment Miss Phipps is being inundated with telegrams of congratulation from Australia.

"Australians are so warm-hearted I'm overwhelmed with good wishes," she said.

Her engagement has been unofficial for some time as "we waited until I returned to England for the announcement," Miss Phipps explained. "Philip visited my family when he was in England last year. I do hope he can come to England for the wedding, as I would like to have my sisters for bridesmaids, and the wedding a real family affair, since I'll be making my home so far away from them."

MR. PHILIP PARBURY, now an executive of Lysaght's works, Port Kembla, N.S.W., whose engagement to Miss Eileen Phipps, niece of the Duchess of Gloucester, is announced. He was a lieutenant-colonel in the A.I.F.

"We won't know what our plans are for a few weeks, and we plan to be married within a few months of that time."

"Naturally my family is most anxious that I should be married here, as it is impossible for father and mother to make the journey to Australia, and they want to be present at my wedding."

Before she went to Australia Miss Phipps served in the A.T.S. as a junior commander.

Some of her close friends here knew about the engagement before she sailed for England with the Duchess in the Rangitiki in February.

Her engagement ring is a sapphire set with diamonds.

Eileen Phipps is a girl who likes country life.

"I rarely go to London," she told me. "We haven't a town house, and I usually go up for a day's shopping and a theatre, stay at my club and then come back here, where I can ride, and I have my two dogs."

"Our house was partly requisitioned by the Army during the war, and though they've moved out now there's a lot of work to be done getting it into order again."

"My parents, my brother Charles, and two sisters, Clare and Diana, lived in a few rooms while the Army was in occupation."

"We are together again as a family for the first time since the outbreak of war."

"I served in the A.T.S., was on gun-sight, and came out of the Army to go to Australia with my aunt, the Duchess of Gloucester."

"This is the first holiday I've ever had. I went straight from school into the A.T.S."

"It is pleasant to be able to stay at home for a while. I help with the horses, and some of the farming, and am learning cooking."



MISS EILEEN PHIPPS, whose engagement to Mr. Philip Parbury, of Port Kembla, N.S.W., is announced, was at the races in Melbourne when this picture was taken

"Though I'm not much good at sewing I have started on my trousseau. But things are so difficult to get in England that most of my trousseau shopping will be done in Australia after I'm married," Miss Phipps said.

She lives a simple life with her family.

They keep a small staff and live in only a few rooms in their grey-stone country home.

Buffet luncheons and dinners have been a feature of their house since the outbreak of war, when the footmen and butler were called up.

Lady Sybil Phipps, who worked in the W.V.S. and served on many committees, is slight, energetic, and has brought her family up on democratic lines.

All three daughters have been trained in household management, and all have been encouraged to

take an interest in farming and in social welfare work in the district.

Mr. Parbury is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Parbury, formerly of Satur, Seone, N.S.W.

Eileen and Phil, as he is known by his friends, were often seen at Sydney's nightspots during the week and on Saturday nights.

On Sunday nights they patronised King's Cross and did a round of the restaurants serving meals. Glen-eagles and Kinnell were two of their favorite haunts.

During her stay in Australia the bride-to-be visited all capital cities and many country centres, and her personal charm soon made her many friends.

She was a keen racegoer, and loved dancing and social life.

"There was nothing she enjoyed more than to escape 'duty' to spend a quiet week-end with friends in their own home and meet their friends."



AUNT AND NIECE combine to remove Prince William from a car in which he has decided to travel. This picture was taken while Miss Phipps was lady-in-waiting to her aunt, the Duchess of Gloucester.



A RECENT photograph of Lady Sybil Phipps (centre), sister of the Duchess of Gloucester, and Mr. C. B. H. Phipps (right), parents of Miss Eileen Phipps, with her brother Charles and a friend.

BABY BANTERS

Women's Hats

By Constance Bannister



One season it's off the face.



Next it's over one eye.

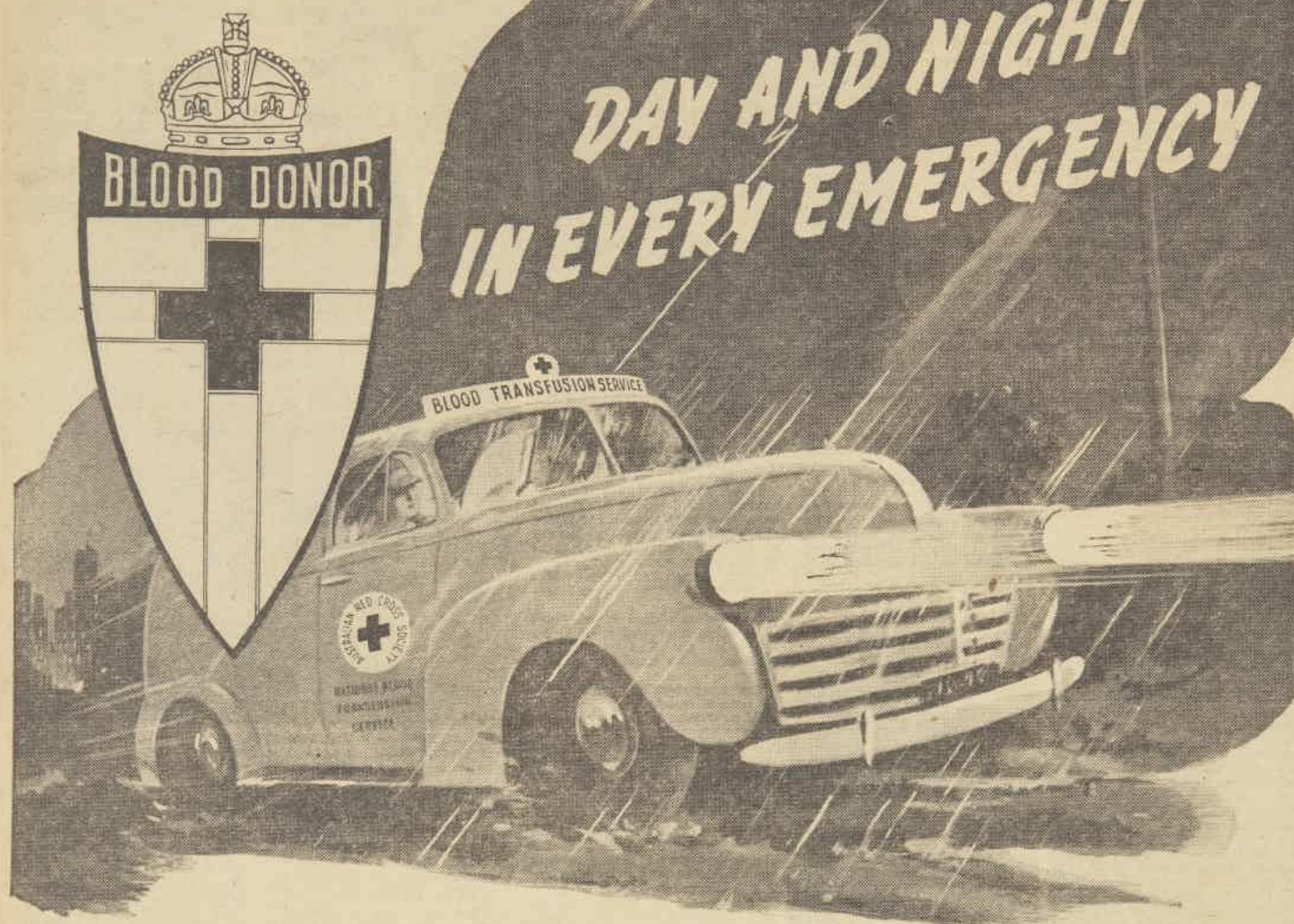


Or perched on an ear.



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Tel.: Cent. 8420.

TASMANIA:

74 Liverpool Street,
Hobart.
Tel.: 7085.

NORTHERN TERRITORY:
Red Cross Headquarters,
Darwin.

NEW SOUTH WALES:

27 Jamieson Street,
Sydney.
Tel.: B 0542.

Happiness mass-produced for British holidays

Vast camps provide thousands with non-stop entertainment

From BETTY NESBIT in London

I have just spent a week at a Butlin holiday camp at Clacton-on-Sea with 2500 British holiday-makers, all enjoying being happy. Happiness is the theme of camp entertainment.

In that week I learnt to dance the lancers at the free dancing class, attended a fancy dress ball and four concerts, played tennis, practised putting, joined in several quizzes and recited "Not Understood" in the campers' concert—"By the Campers, for the Campers."

THERE was never a dull moment and that is the secret of the amazing success of Mr. William Butlin's holiday camps.

A plump, pink-cheeked Canadian in his early forties, Mr. Butlin has made a fortune estimated at £3,000,000 from entertaining people.

He now owns five holiday camps, and has come a long way since he had a barrow on which the public were invited to throw rings over posts for small boxes of chocolates. His camps are run on an enormous scale as regards accommodation, organised entertainment, and mass-produced happiness.

They are at Clacton-on-Sea (near London), Ayr (in Scotland), Filey (Yorkshire), Skegness (Lincolnshire), and Pwllheli (North Wales), and are now having their first big postwar season. The last three accommodate 5500 guests at a time, and the other two 2500.

A camp will be ready for British tourists in Holland next year. Plans are being made for one in Southern Ireland.

Holidays have become a more general habit with the British now that more people get holidays with pay. This summer it is estimated that 15,000,000 are planning two weeks away from home.

The camps were taken over by the Services during the war, and to celebrate their return the entertainment programme will be cultural this year.

Pianist Solomon will play concertos with both the London International and London Symphony Orchestras at Filey and Pwllheli, the International Ballet has been engaged for the season, and an opera entitled "Burna," based on the life of the Scottish poet, will be presented at the camp at Ayr.

Leading stars in London variety shows will give revues at all the camps, and the Bristol Old Vic company will give three plays, "The Apple Cart" (Shaw), "The Inspector Calls" (Priestley), and "Much Ado About Nothing" (Shakespeare).

Reasonable tariff

TARIFF has gone up, but compared to tariff at most hotels and guest-houses it is still low. Before the war it was four guineas. Now the lowest is £3/15/6, rising to £7/7/-.

The tariff includes entertainment, sports, and the hire of sporting gear from fencing-folios to tennis racquets. Tipping is not encouraged.

Before the war tourists used to come from the Continent to Butlin's, and this summer the first postwar party of Dutch tourists will stay at Clacton-on-Sea for a week.

Including their boat and rail fares, this will cost them £15.

I went to Clacton, because it is the nearest camp to London. Most of the people there come from London's suburbs and the home counties.

When I arrived, I was ushered into a big pink-and-blue-stucco cement building with feel-high letters announcing "Butlin's Luxury Holiday Camp."

At a desk marked "Reception," similar to ones in most posh hotels, I was given a programme of the week's events, a Butlin badge, and my key to the chalet where I was to sleep.

Chalet is the name given to the pink-and-blue huts where campers are accommodated. Each chalet has three bunks with good mattresses.

At first I found it a slight strain to eat my meals with 1000 other people, but you get used to it. The dining-room can only seat 1000 at a time, so there are three sittings at the height of the season.



French windows open from the dining-room on to the terrace, which leads down to Clacton's rather sad little beach of grey sand, pebbles, and large chunks of concrete left over from gun emplacements.

But the sea, also grey, stretches out in front of the campers, and when you live in London all the year round there is something exciting about the sight of sea and beach.

It makes the most cautious campers plunge in recklessly, even in May, which is not such a hot month. I saw this event solemnly recorded on a hundred Box Brownies for the family snapshot album.

But if the sea is grey, everything else is pink and blue, varied with shades of orange and green. The

snack bars and cafes have chairs and tables lacquered in pink, blue, yellow, green, and mauve. The paid entertainers are called Redcoats because of their scarlet blazers.

The keynote of camp life is "happiness." All the staff is there to make the campers happy. It must work somehow, because I noticed that everyone smiles at everyone else from morning to last thing at night.

When happy campers go off to bed singing their good-night song, to the tune of "Good-night, Sweetheart":



CYCLES BUILT FOR TWO make transport easier for campers, and dozens of them are to be seen around Clacton-on-Sea. Betty Nesbit (left) and a fellow camper try one out. Mrs. Nesbit, formerly of our Sydney staff, is visiting England.



FRONT VIEW of the Butlin holiday camp at Clacton-on-Sea, where 2500 campers are accommodated. The windows of the big dining and lounge rooms look out over this putting green to the sea.



SAND CASTLES are lots of fun, although the sand at Clacton is rather grey to Australian eyes. Parents can leave children in charge of attendants and relax themselves.

"Good-night, campers, I can see you yawning. Good-night, campers, see you in the morning. You must cheer up or you'll soon be dead. For I've heard it said some folks die in bed. Good-night, campers, good-night."

Camp radio announcers have instructions such as: "Announcements must not be made which would give the campers any excuse to think they are unhappy. When it is wet and cold, do not mention the cold. Tell them about the programme which will cheer them up."

The camp radio is called "Radio Butlin," and has a large studio. Every half hour all over the camp is heard at first the soft sound of a gong, and then, "This is Radio Butlin calling."

Then an announcement is made as to what entertainment is in progress.

Best-known voice is that of "Topper" Brown, a head Redcoat and an ex-regimental sergeant-major.

At each meal he announces to the campers the events of the next few hours, preceding the programme with the cheery hail, "Happy, campers?" to which 2500 (or more) lusty British voices answer "Y-E-S."

The buildings are so large that there is room for every one of the thousands of campers, who can dance all day, play billiards, listen to recorded music, concerts, just sit, or sit in a cafe and eat thick sandwiches and ersatz cream-cakes.

This is a great improvement on the typical seaside boarding-house which provides no entertainment in wet weather.

At Clacton on the one wet day I was there, I had the choice of spending my time in the Jolly Roger, a tavern furnished like a pirate's cave, the cocktail bar with chairs and couches of chromium

and scarlet leather, the Palm Court, and the Viennese ballroom.

Campers are introduced to the Redcoats in a session, "Meet the Redcoats." They include physical-training instructors, dancing teachers, concert campers, children's nurses, and photographers.

Their duties range from running a dancing class for beginners to dressing-up as Roman soldiers to lead the parade at the weekly fancy-dress ball.

One of the events of the week is the beauty parade, when the "Holiday Lovely" is chosen, the prettiest girl at the camp.

The prettiest baby and oldest couple also receive prizes and a set of large photographs of themselves.

Once a fortnight campers are entertained by the diving exploits of a daring one-legged gentleman named Mr. P. Gudeby, who at the top of the diving-tower sets himself alight and hurtles into the pool a living streak of flame.

The camps are popular with mothers, because they are so run that parents can get a rest from looking after their children. Children under two years are not admitted.

There are excellent playgrounds, a Noah's Ark and The House that Jack Built equipped with toys and model furniture. Girl Redcoats are in attendance.

At night mothers can leave their children in the chalets, knowing that if they wake someone will hear them and a radio announcement will follow: "A child is crying in Chalet No. 24."

There is no shortage of food at the camps. Meals are large, and meat, even if somewhat thinly sliced, is served twice a day. Each camp has a large allocation of fruit.

At Clacton I was able to buy more oranges than I had seen in the whole of London for the reasonable price of 8d. a lb. and not marked off my ration book.

HEALTH NEWS!

"Hypol" Cup winner judged CHAMPION OF BABY SHOW

by selected Panel of Doctors!

Every Mother loves a Baby Show, and when the Como Parents and Citizens' Association, W.A., decided to hold one at Como State School, over 1,000 Babies, with their parents, attended. In the 18 to 24 months' section, the 'Hypol' Cup was won by Master Rodney Nelson Burton, who was also judged Champion Baby of the Show by a selected panel of Doctors.

BUILD BODY, BONE AND MUSCLE with 'HYPOL'

For over 50 years 'Hypol' has been used with marked success as a supplement to the diet of both old and young.

'Hypol' contains pure Cod Liver Oil, the natural source of the essential life-giving vitamins A and D, together with calcium and sodium hypophosphites.

'Hypol' promotes strong natural healthy growth in infants and children, and builds body resistance to infection and disease in both old and young alike. Always have a bottle of 'Hypol' in the home—give it to the children daily and ensure their good health.

More evidence of the protective power of 'Hypol'

"Nandah," 14 Bundara St., North Fitzroy, 22/5/46.

Dear Sirs,

My brother, who was a very delicate baby, suffering from coughs, colds, chest complaints and lack of appetite, started to take 'Hypol' at a very young age, and after several bottles completely lost his coughs, colds, chest complaints, and began to thoroughly enjoy his meals.

Now he enjoys perfect health, is holding down a responsible job and works long hours.

I can safely recommend 'Hypol' to all mothers whose babies are at all delicate.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) E. M. GREIG.

'Hypol' is the proved family medicine for these complaints:

Coughs	Colds	Influenza
Bronchitis	Malnutrition	
Convalescence	General Debility	
Loss of Energy	Loss of Weight	

GUARANTEE.—Every bottle of 'Hypol' is guaranteed to contain the specified ingredients and potencies on the label. This is your SAFEGUARD—there is no substitute for 'Hypol.'

1947



Photo. of MASTER RODNEY NELSON BURTON, Champion Baby of Show and Winner of the 'HYPOL' Cup.

Babies Arrive Hours Early for Show

From 11.45 a.m. until after 3 p.m. today babies and children from all parts of the metropolitan area, and as far as Meckering, flocked to the Como State School ground. It was the first baby show held in Perth for many years. By 3 p.m. there were more than 1000 babies present.

Judging was done late in the afternoon by a panel of 17 doctors. There were also six clinic sisters in the weighing room. (Extract from the "Daily News," Perth, Nov. 30, 1946.)

Personal recommendation from Mr. & Mrs. Burton:

6 Darlot Crescent,
SOUTH PERTH.
December 4, 1946.

Dear Sirs,

Both my husband and I wish to express our thanks to your Company for the 'Hypol' Cup recently won by our infant at the Como Baby Show.

As you are aware he was selected as winner of the age section 18-24 months, this giving him the opportunity to compete with the finalists of the other sections as the Champion Baby of the Show.

We were very proud indeed when our babe was ultimately chosen as the perfect specimen of childhood. In our opinion, Hypol, containing those essential elements so necessary to the building of the body, bone and muscle is deserving of every recommendation, and we have no hesitation in doing so.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) A. BURTON.

P.S.—You have my permission to use the above and a photograph for the potential advertising of Hypol.

Dosage chart for the help of YOUNG MOTHERS

An excellent way to give 'Hypol' to infants is by adding the required dose to the feeding bottle. 'Hypol', if taken in milk or other infant-feeding preparations, disperses easily throughout the mixture and is readily taken by the youngest infant. You can have every confidence in 'Hypol'.

DOSAGE for INFANTS and YOUNG CHILDREN:

6 months to 12 months	1/2 teaspoonful	3 times daily
One year to 2 years	1/2 teaspoonful	3 times daily
3 years to 7 years	1 teaspoonful	3 times daily
7 years to 10 years	2 teaspoonfuls	3 times daily
10 years to 14 years	3 teaspoonfuls	3 times daily
14 years & upwards	1 tablespoonful	3 times daily



OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

As I Read the S.T.A.R.S. by JUNE MARSDEN

JULY brings some important days for all star groups this week, with Tuesday, July 1, bringing good fortune and powerful influences in its train.

Adverse influences are likely on July 5, but July 7 favors most groups and they should make the most of opportunities for progress and gains.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:-

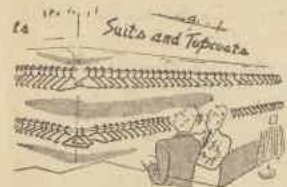
ARIES (March 21 to April 21): July 1 (to 1 p.m.) can prove fortunate, but 3, 4, 5, 6, and 8 (forenoon) are all difficult. Avoid changes and keep to routine.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Favorable conditions are likely on July 1 (to 1 p.m.), 3 (morning), and 4. But be wary on July 6 (date) and 7 (early hours).

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): A difficult week, so be wary. July 1 deceptive, 2 poor, and 6 adverse. July 8 also poor, so live cautiously.

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): Excellent opportunities for good fortune are available on July 1 (to 1 p.m.), so use well. July 2, 3, and 4 poor; 8 (except forenoon) very helpful.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): July 1 (to 1 p.m.) excellent, 2, 3, and 5



"Always something. Few years ago we couldn't get coat-hangers, remember?"

poor; 6 and 7 tricky. Live quietly, but plan for better weeks to come.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): July 1 adverse, 2 poor, July 3 (to 2 p.m.) fair; 4 (midday) and 5 (to noon) both helpful. July 8 tricky.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Live warily this month and avoid discord. July 1 unreliable; 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 all adverse. July 8 (forenoon) poor.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Make the most of opportunities now, but keep an eye on caution. July 1 (to 1 p.m.) excellent, 4 (midday) fair; 5 (late), 6, and 7 tricky. July 8 (except forenoon) good.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Make good use of July 1 and 2, both excellent to 1 p.m. July 6 poor, 7 (after 11 a.m.) fair.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Beware pitfalls and partings now, especially on July 2 (early), 2, 4, or 5. Worst day July 6, so keep to routine tasks.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): July 1 can prove surprisingly pleasing to 1 p.m., so use well. July 6 adverse, 7 (after midday) quite good.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): July 1 good, but exercise caution. July 2 (early), 2 (late), and 6 all poor. July 8 (except forenoon) very good.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Your Coupons

TEA: 21-32 (21-34 expire July 30).
SUGAR: 57-616 (expire July 26, when 57, 58 become available).
BUTTER: 22-24 (expire July 20).
MEAT: Black, 20-31 (34-56 become available July 21; green, 57 and 59 (61, 62 available July 21).
CLOTHING: 1-56 current.

The Australian Women's Weekly — July 5, 1947



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are trying to solve a series of murders at a city theatre. First, Faravelli, famous singer, was killed, and then a policeman. **SCHMIDT:** Orchestra leader, had been threatened, but the policeman was killed by mistake. The deaths have been caused by

poison darts. As Mandrake talks to Schmidt, a heavy curtain-weight falls, but Lothar leaps forward warningly, and saves Mandrake's life. They find that the rope had been cut, and ask Pop, stage door man, who cut it. As Pop answers, he is hit by a poison dart. In vain Mandrake tried to find out the murderer's name. NOW READ ON:



POP. ANOTHER DART VICTIM. FORGET THE AUDIENCE, CHIEF. THEY HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THESE MURDERS.



THE DART THAT KILLED POP CAME FROM THIS OPEN DOORWAY! IT HAD TO! HE WAS HIT IN THE BACK! THE KILLER IS IN THIS ROOM.



DID YOU NOTICE ANYONE STANDING IN FRONT OF THIS DOOR?

NBODY IN PARTICULAR. WE'RE ALL SO EXCITED. HAVE THEY FOUND THE KILLER YET?

BUT IN THE ROOM, MANDRAKE FINDS A GROUP OF MUSICIANS AND CHORUS GIRLS IDLING ABOUT.



IT MIGHT BE ANYONE IN THERE. THEN AGAIN, THE KILLER MAY HAVE SLIPPED OUT ONE OF THE OTHER EXITS.

MANDRAKE, THE DARTS THAT KILLED FARAVELLI AND MYMAN CAME FROM IN FRONT OF THE FOOTLIGHTS! YOU SAID SO, YOURSELF! BUT IF THE KILLER WASN'T IN THE AUDIENCE--?



I BELIEVE THE KILLER WAS IN THE ORCHESTRA PIT!

IMPOSSIBLE! I WOULD HAVE NOTICED ANY STRANGERS IN THE PIT. MANDRAKE, WITH ALL YOUR POWERS, CAN'T YOU STOP THIS FIEND?



THIS CALLS FOR CLEAR THINKING, NOT MAGIC! I DIDN'T SAY IT WAS A STRANGER IN THE PIT. SCHMIDT, HAVE ALL YOUR MUSICIANS TAKE THEIR USUAL PLACES.

YOU MEAN--THE KILLER IS ONE OF THE MUSICIANS? IMPOSSIBLE! THEY WERE ALL PLAYING!



WHAT'S UP?

YOU GOT ME, PAL?

THE LARGE ORCHESTRA FILES INTO THE PIT. IS MANDRAKE RIGHT? IS ONE OF THE MUSICIANS THE MURDERER? BUT HOW COULD IT BE POSSIBLE?



HOW COULD IT BE ONE OF THE MUSICIANS--WHEN THEY WERE ALL PLAYING? ANY UNUSUAL ACTION WOULD HAVE BEEN SEEN! WHAT'S HE DOING NOW?

I DON'T KNOW. TRYING TO FIND A COLD-BLOODED KILLER WITH A MEASURING TAPE! I GIVE UP! THIS THING'S GOT ME DAFFY!

TO BE CONTINUED



HAPPY BRIDE. Mrs. Tom Arnold is assisted by her husband in cutting the cake at reception at home of bride's mother, Mrs. Pearl Walker, Bellevue Hill. Bride formerly Boo Walker. Tom is second son of the A. G. de laet Arnolds, of Albany. Couple marry at St. Mary Magdalene's, Rose Bay.



COUNTRY INTEREST. David Godfrey, of Condobolin, and his bride, formerly June Darby, of Burrangang West, Ootba, at reception at Australia Hotel following marriage at St. Mark's. Esmé Smyth, of Condobolin, bridesmaid, David MacDougall, best man, and Jane Hanlin, of Condobolin, flower girl.



NEWLYWED. Mrs. David Bligh (third from left), who before recent marriage was Helen St. Vincent Welch, lunches at Prince's with Diana Walker (left), Rosemary Blythman, and Roslyn Dangar, who were bridesmaids at her wedding.



NEW CANBERRA NIGHTCLUB. Mrs. V. Comb, hostess of the Gloucester Club, Canberra, chats with guests, Deputy High Commissioner for United Kingdom, Mr. W. C. Hankinson, Mrs. Hankinson, and Mr. and Mrs. W. Garnett, at opening night.



DINING IN TOWN. Mrs. Aimee Scott, of Melbourne, her brother, Mr. Frank Tait, Mrs. J. McGhee, of California; Mrs. Tait, Mr. McGhee, Mrs. Henry Schlapp, and American baritone John Charles Thomas at dinner party at Black Tulip when Mr. Tait entertains. John Charles Thomas gives concerts at Town Hall this Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

Intimate Gossipings

"WE'RE all out for a good time," says Earl Walker, chairman of the Fourth of July Ball committee, when I ask him how members of the American community in Sydney are celebrating the "Glorious Fourth."

This year's ball, which is to be held at Trocadero, this Friday, gets back to pre-war character, and only members of American community and their Australian friends are invited to attend. During war years Americans in Sydney made an all-out effort to raise money for American Centre and war charities, but this year occasion will be more of a social gathering. However, proceeds from dance will go to American Centre charity fund.

Think innovation of having "the cocktail hour" . . . that is cocktail parties before the dance . . . at the Trocadero is grand idea. "If folks have cocktail parties and dinners in their own homes they don't get to the ball before 10.30," Earl tells me, so idea is conceived of making whole evening of it right at the Trocadero.

Glencoe restaurant will operate a snack bar, serving super "snacks" to guests between dances and throughout the evening.

Men's committee might claim idea as theirs, but I reckon it's just another bright American women's angle on saving on all that house-keeping involved in cocktail parties and dinners at home!

TWO months' holiday in Orange for Mrs. Giesing Walsh, of Mosman, who is staying at the Canobolas Hotel and visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. T. H. Lee, of Orange. Her Mosman home is being occupied in her absence by her other daughter, Diana, who was recently married at St. Clement's, Mosman, to Stephen Thompson.



SIGNING REGISTER. Mrs. Robert MacPherson signs register of St. James' Church while her husband and bridesmaid, June Chapman, of Manly, Mullahey, look on. Bride formerly Anne Macintosh, of Gordon.



COUNTRY WOMEN. Mrs. C. V. Dickens, visitor to C.W.A. conference from Victoria, and Mrs. J. M. Gordon, of Burra Junction, attend reception at Trocadero.



WED AT ST. MARK'S. American bridegroom Ted Wells and his bride, formerly Jean Lightfoot-Walker, with attendants Mrs. Geoff Warren and George Bennet leave St. Mark's, Darling Point. Jean is elder daughter of Mrs. M. Lightfoot-Walker, of Elizabeth Bay, and late Mr. Fred Lightfoot-Walker, of Chester, England.

PRETTY bride-to-be Pam Owen, who marries Lieut.-Commander Bill Cook, of H.M.A.S. Quadrant, at St. Mark's on July 10, plans home in Adelaide after her marriage, and she and Bill will live there until Christmas. Ask Pam if she is one of the lucky ones and has home lined up to go into. She blithely replies, "No, but Bill is over there now and is trying to find accommodation." Pam asks Anne Price Jones, Joan Selman to be bridesmaids, and Bill Milne and Lieut. Max Hinchcliffe will attend Bill. Frocks at wedding are being kept secret until the big day. After the wedding Pam's parents, Mr. Justice and Mrs. W. P. L. Owen, will receive guests at Royal Sydney Golf Club at reception.

TWO telephone calls from England within a few days for Mrs. John Higham, of Rose Bay, from her sister, Gladys Moncrieff, in London. Gladys first called to wish Mrs. Higham "happy birthday," and in the six minutes conversation told her lots of news. Glad has flat in Kensington Court, Kensington, London, and had been to Lois Green's wedding with Hugh Eagleton. "Gladys said Lois looked very sweet, dressed all in dusty-pink—bag and gloves to match her ensemble, and a pink hat trimmed with pink roses," Mrs. Higham tells me.

GLADYS' other exciting engagements have been a visit to Buckingham Palace to the Royal garden-party and an afternoon tea-party at Lance Fairfax's, where she met fellow Australians Byrl Walkley, Vera Sproull, and Marie Burke with her husband, Guy Nelson King.

Second telephone call was to say that she had just completed some television broadcasts which were most successful. She had seen the results of the television with Rene and Ernest Lashmar, of Darling Point, who are in London for the World Copyright Conference.

Gladys' nephew, "Digger" Higham, and his attractive young wife, Nance, have just returned from a trip to Kosciuszko, where "Digger" has been house doctor. He has just been appointed Medical Superintendent at Manly Hospital.

THE Tom Cohens moved into a charming house at Vauduse in time for the arrival home of their new daughter, Ann, who has the distinction of having three living great-grandparents—Sir Isaac and Lady Isaacs, of Melbourne, and Mrs. B. D. Cohen, of 52 Macleay Street.

HAPPY party when the Fred Deakins and Joyce Deakin, of "Basing House," Moree, are guests at luncheon party given at Town and Country Club by Mrs. M. R. Cooper, of Coochinoo. The Deakins, well known in Moree district for more than 30 years, are leaving. Believe they'll be motoring to Sydney en route to Townsville, where they intend spending the winter months basking in Queensland's sunshine.

Another farewell party given for them by Mesdames Val Soling, Ross MacKenzie, and R. Cooper at "Eri-Eriwah," home of Mr. and Mrs. Solings, when 50 friends say "au revoir."

FOURTH son for the Edward J. Higgins, of Richmond, California. Mrs. Higgins, who was Joy Kelly, of Sydney, has named her son Brian George.

LETTER from Diana Scott Waine, who is having a wonderful time in London. "Mother and I were met by John (Diana's brother), who was up from Cambridge and who had taken the day off from swotting to meet us," Diana writes. She and John hope to go to Switzerland to ski in July, and in the meantime she is entranced with the London scene.

"Glimpsed Virginia Hawkins in Dover Street while I was window-shopping, and when I arrived at Tilbury noticed Diana Molleston (who was Diana Massie) looking very smart and attractive," Diana writes.

She tells me that Joan (Hartigan) Bathurst, who stays at Cumberland, is practising at Wimbledon, and that Mrs. Scott Waine's friend, Mrs. Lawrence Byrne, and her handsome husband have been in to see them at the hotel and to have drinks with them.

Joyce

WORTH Reporting

MANICURING on a large scale is one of the regular jobs for the men who look after wild animals in our zoos, for every carnivorous beast in captivity has to line up for a routine toenail trim.

Elephants submit tranquilly on the whole to their trim; but the big cat animals have to be put in boxes before the clippers get to work.

There is no set length of time between clippings. As each animal's claws get too long they are cut, and if the claws become jagged through brushing against a hard object, trimming makes them comfortable again.

Other grooming for elephants is the oiling of their skin three times a year. You may think, looking at an elephant's wrinkles, that it's a waste of good oil, but without it the skin would be cracked.

The one bit of zoo grooming that brings real joy to its subjects is the brushing of the chimpanzees.

Says zoological superintendent of Taronga Park Zoo, Sydney:

"We brush the chimpanzees every day. They just love it. They lie down and laugh at you the whole time. It takes only ten minutes to groom each one, but they would like you to go on all day. They like a brush with nice, soft bristles."

OVERHEARD at very dull symphony concert: "Oh, my neck's stiff with listening."

Coals to Newcastle

ANYONE visiting the Hawkesbury River district in New South Wales comes away remembering its huge groves of mangrove trees. So we were rather surprised to be told by an oyster farmer at Brooklyn that mangroves suitable for setting in oyster beds to catch spawna have been cut out so savagely there are none left on the Hawkesbury. They have to be brought to Brooklyn from Bellingen, 400 miles away.

"Where to, sir?"

WHEN Mr. H. E. S. Melbourne, Engineer and Town Clerk for the Corporation of Burnside, South Australia, sent luggage to an Adelaide railway station recently the porter didn't know whether he was coming or going.

The suitcase was marked with Mr. Melbourne's name and address: "Sydney Melbourne, Adelaide."

New art deal

PAINTERS and sculptors are about the last people we would expect to find forming a trade union; but even they have got round to the idea in America, where 150 of the best-known artists have formed the Artists' Equity Association.

It is the first organisation of the kind in the States, and its aim is to protect the economic interests of painters, sculptors, and graphic artists.

Methods of doing this will include encouragement of private and institutional patronage of the arts, sponsorship of legislation to help the fine arts study of the problems of copyright, reproduction, and royalties.



The Australian Women's Weekly — July 5, 1947

Animal Antics



"Stork, my eye . . . it must have been a crane!"

Angels in the snow

A CANADIAN war bride tells us that when she was a child one of the favorite winter games was making "angels" in the snow.

"You lie on your back in the snow, spread your arms out, and move them towards your head and down towards your sides. Then you stand up, and there in the snow is the shape of an angel."

We're going to try it next time we're in the snow country.

PEN friendships between school children in Britain and Russia have become so popular that there are 2000 children in each country writing to each other.

Wot, no local color?

AN Australian girl touring Wales was taken recently to a little pub in one of the Welsh mining towns in the famous Rhondda Valley.

In the parlor was a group of young miners, one of whom was playing a piano-acordion.

When she told them she was Australian they asked if she would like to hear some songs.

She said yes, eager to hear some famous Welsh ballads such as "Cwm Rhondda," "Soepan Fach," or "Ar Hyd Y Nos" ("All Through the Night"), but added politely: "I would like you to sing your favorite song."

Whereupon, accordin, and lusty Welsh voices burst into "Jealousy."

WE detected a slightly acid tone in the notice we saw in a city store above a pile of materials for making wool rugs. It read:

"So simple; even a man could do it."

Traffic in tartans

A NEW career has opened up for ex-traffic policeman Scottish Rufus Boys, better known to Melbourne motorists as "Whistling Rufus," from his habit of whistling brightly on point duty in South Melbourne.

After he left the force two years ago owing to ill-health, he had to go into hospital, where he learnt to weave.

Scottish blood and wearing a kilt in the Police Pipe Band gave him a love for tartans, so he concentrated on them when he started to weave professionally. Now he can supply tartans for 239 clans.

Postwar world

A FRIEND of ours bought a shirt from an old-established Sydney firm, had it washed without trying it on first, as it was his fitting. When he decided to wear it he found it much too small.

Taking it in to protest, without expecting any redress on a washed article, he was greeted with a courteous: "We know it's been washed, but we prefer to change it rather than have you go away at all dissatisfied."

Sitting pretty

WAITING for the world's airlines to arrive and leave is going to be a much more comfortable business at London airport from now on.

There will be glass-fronted promenade waiting-rooms running alongside the runways, with meals served from a restaurant behind.

Four bars in these waiting-rooms will serve drinks. Car parks will have marquees where ice-cream and light refreshments may be bought.

And watching crowds will be beguiled by broadcasts of the radio communications between incoming aircraft and the airport's control tower.

"VEHICLES parked on pavements are a serious danger to pedestrians," writes a correspondent to "The Times of Malta." Well, at least parking problems in Australian cities have not reached that stage—yet.

Family life at Cambridge

CAMBRIDGE University is so full of married ex-Service undergraduates that a crèche for their children has been opened at the Round Church Hall. Here a trained nurse and a play teacher are in attendance so that fathers and mothers who are studying can leave their youngsters under five years old, knowing that from 9 a.m. until 6 p.m. they will be fed, cared for, and amused for less than 2/- a day.

Warning

FIRES Minister to Australia, Dr. Thomas Kierman, won't have a good excuse to offer if ever traffic police overtake him going anywhere in a hurry.

Glamor gadgets on his sun-baked rich blue enamel 1947 deluxe model car, imported a few months ago from the United States, include dashboard speedometer lighting, which shows green up to 30 miles an hour, amber to 45 m.p.h., and red when the pace hits 50.

Glass instruments

PLASTIC violins, cellos, guitars, and clarinets have been made by a New York band leader, Billy Glass, so that he could utilise his surname by calling his orchestra "Billy Glass' Symphony in Glass." Made of plexiglas, the instruments are all but invisible, so that audiences of musicians apparently sawing the air are rather disconcerting.

Tone of the plastic instruments is true, but their volume is less than in wooden ones. This means they are likely to remain an amusing freak, and we will still be able to enjoy the pleasant gleam of mellow wood as we listen to our swing or classics.

Killing—old and new

STRANGELY contrasting weapons of destruction are being used every day at Miho Station, Japan, where British Commonwealth Air Forces practise archery while Spitfires and Mustangs roar overhead. Among the most enthusiastic of the archers are Australians from 77 Squadron.

The commander of the station regards archery as splendid recreation and good for morale, but the bows and arrows are not toys. The bows are so powerful they drive arrows through four inches of solid wood at a distance of 30 or 40 yards. Instructor is a Japanese girl, formerly an archery champion.



"I think the RINSO gives it a homey touch—don't you?"



I USE RINSO'S LONGER-LASTING SUDS FOR DISHES. NO MORE SLOW OLD-FASHIONED BAR-SOAPS WITH THEIR THIN, MEASLY LATHER FOR ME

THOSE RICHER RINSO SUDS DISSOLVE GREASE IN A FLASH AND THEY KEEP IT DISSOLVED. THAT MEANS NO NASTY SCUM LEFT ON THE WATER





"I didn't know what service could mean
... 'til I travelled

TAA



Right from the day I phoned my booking, I've had nothing but efficient, courteous, helpful service. Everything went like clockwork—comfortable vehicles to the airport, no delays, delicious meals in the air, a most attentive hostess—everything was just perfect. From now on it's TAA for me every time.

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(Near Martin Place.)
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339 Swanston Street, Melbourne
(Opposite Public Library).
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Corner Adelaide & Creek Streets,
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Telephone: B1341.

Anchor House,
142 North Terrace, Adelaide.
Telephone: Central 7545.

Civic Centre,
Canberra.
Telephone: F615.

Corner Collins & Argyle Streets,
Hobart.
Telephone: 7411.

Cr. Brisbane and George Streets,
Launceston.
Telephone: 2041.

National House,
49 William Street, Perth.
Telephone: B2453.

Brisbane-Sydney	£6 1 6
Sydney-Canberra	1 18 3
Sydney-Melbourne	5 10 6
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Launceston-Melbourne	3 16 0
Canberra-Melbourne	4 17 9
Canberra-Mildura	5 10 0
Mildura-Adelaide	2 17 6
Mildura-Sydney	7 6 0
Melbourne-Adelaide	4 17 9
Perth-Adelaide	14 13 3
Adelaide-Sydney (via Mildura)	9 15 6

Cute, Isn't She?

Continued from page 3

J. WORTH sat up.

THE flight spent three extra hours in the desert, waiting for a fresh tyre. It was four in the morning when Betty walked through the gate into the air terminal at Burbank. Both orchids were pinned to her lapel.

There was no one at the gate. She saw that with a little pang, and then she thought of the extra three hours, and the pang disappeared in a rush of forgiving. He would be in the bar, of course. But the bar was closed. And that was that.

Betty marched through the waiting room. It was empty. Almost empty, that is. She came to an abrupt halt in front of the last seat and she stared down at the sleeping man leaning against the arm. Beneath one big shoulder protruded a flattened box tied with ribbon. Betty shook his shoulder.

"Wake up," she said. "You're not pretty when you're awake, but you look like the devil when you're asleep."

John sat up and blinked and rubbed his hand across his face and then came slowly to his feet. He found his grin and put it on.

"Were you waiting for someone?" Betty demanded. Somehow, strangely, it was no surprise to find him here. "Or do you live here?"

"Welcome," said John slowly, "to California." He fumbled on the bench and located the box and held it out to her. And then he saw his flattened shape, and his grin faded abruptly and a stricken look came into his eyes.

Betty turned her head aside quickly, lest he see the tear that was forming in each eye. Weariness, that was all it was. She brushed the tears away and opened the box. Her hands shook ever so slightly. It was a single golden orchid. One of its petals was broken. Betty stared at it for a long time. Then she looked up. "You're angling for another kiss!" she said savagely. "Well, you're going to get it!" She grabbed the nearest ear and rose on tiptoe and found his mouth.

John grinned down at her. "You know," he began gently.

Betty said savagely, "Do you have a car here or did you walk?" His grin did not fade. He took her arm and there was an astonishing comfort in the strength of his hand. "Come on," he said. "You're tired."

"You and your understatements," said Betty. In a way, she was glad that Carl was not there. She probably looked, she thought, like something out of a delicatessen case. And Carl would not have been backward about pointing it out. She smiled briefly at that thought.

She looked up at John. He was gathering luggage and tipping porters. He grinned at her. Even at four-thirty in the afternoon he wouldn't have anything bright to say. And brightness was her life. But it was pleasant now just to relax. She smiled back at him.

They got into the car. Betty rested her head against the back of the seat. "Sleep," John said. "I've slept."

"You look," said Betty, "as if you still were." But she closed her eyes and drew her weariness over her like a cloak.

And later she heard voices dimly, from a great distance, and felt herself being lifted out of the car and carried, and then, at last, she struggled to awaken. She was lying on a bed in her hotel cottage when she managed to get her eyes open. John was standing over her. She searched for something bright to say, but she found nothing. "Good night," John said softly, and then he was gone. Betty kicked off her shoes and pulled the bedclothes over herself and closed her eyes again.

At noon, Betty stopped at the desk on her way in to breakfast. "Any calls for me?" she asked.

"Mr. Stevens called, Miss Lewis," said the clerk. "Mr. J. Worth Stevens."

"I know the name. Any other calls?"

There were none. She marched into the dining-room. Her shoulders were square and there was an angry gleam in her eyes. She paused inside the door and looked around the room, and a sudden frown appeared on her smooth forehead. There was

a great hubbub, and representatives of all the big film groups were there. Betty marched over to Marcia Fox's table and sat down. "What is this?" she demanded. "Class reunion?"

Marcia said, "I might have known you'd get in on it."

"In on what?" Betty demanded. "Playing innocent, darling?" Marcia said. "So This Is Spring," of course. Did you think you were the only one who knew about it?"

Betty didn't blink. She felt her stomach drop to the floor, but she gave no sign. "No," she said, "that would be too much. The cartoon birds always seem to know." So she'd missed one; it had slid right past her, apparently. The thing that every story editor saw in his nightmares had actually happened; a property was loose and being chased, and she didn't know anything about it. Not a single, solitary thing. She opened her handbag and poked through it. "Whoops," she said, "I'd better not leave that lying around the cottage."

"What?" said Marcia. Betty smiled sweetly. "Never mind, darling." She pushed back her chair. "I'll be back in a minute. Order me some fruit juice and stuff." She marched out of the dining-room, out of Marcia's sight, and around the desk to the corner marked Western Union. She grabbed a telegraph form and scribbled the address of her New York office. WHERE HAVE I HEARD OF SO THIS IS SPRING? AND WHO WROTE IT? AND WHERE IS HE/SHE? BETTY. She handed in the telegram and realised she was in the soup. That much was certain. She crossed her fingers and went back to the dining-room, her face smooth and clear.

She returned to her cottage after breakfast. She called Atlas Pictures and went through a switchboard and three secretaries. She heard Carl's voice at last. "Well," she said.

"Betty, darling! Where are you?" She looked down at the two white orchids on her lapel. She smiled at them, and there was warmth in her eyes. "Where would I be?" she replied gaily.

There was a pause—a long pause. Then, "I'm sorry about last night, darling. At the terminal. I mean, I worked late and I was dead tired and I had a conference this morning and—"

"You're forgiven. I was met. I was greeted by two charwomen and a porter."

"Jolly," said Carl. "Hilarious," said Betty. "Joy was everywhere." By two charwomen and a porter and a man who was asleep on a bench, a man who was prepared, apparently, to wait her arrival if it took all week.

"How about lunch?" asked Carl. "No lunch, I've got work to do."

"All right, career woman."

"Dinner," said Betty. "Call me."

"No dinner," said Carl. "I've got homework to do." There was a pause.

"You'd be jealous if you saw her," Carl added. "She's something. She can't speak a word of English."

"Not even, 'No'?"

"Not even that." He chuckled. "Call you to-morrow, darling."

"I'll hold my breath," said Betty. "Have fun." She hung up and sat staring at the telephone. She got up and walked around the room. She hadn't even thanked him for the flowers or the candy or the nuts. Nuts.

There was a knock at the door. Betty opened it. It was a telegraph messenger. She closed the door slowly and opened the wire and read it: SO THIS IS SPRING IS NOVEL COMING OUT BY WALSH & CO. WRITTEN BY JOHN MALCOMB. WHO IS IN HOLLYWOOD EVERYBODY AFTER IT. YOU'D BETTER GET COOKING. She held the wire in her hand and stared at it blankly. So that was where she had heard the title. That first afternoon, at J. Worth's cocktail party. She shook her head slowly. John Malcomb—she hadn't even known his last name. She—

The phone rang. Mechanically she answered it. "Betty Lewis," she said.

It was J. Worth's secretary. "Just a moment please, Miss Lewis."

"Go right in, please, Miss Lewis," said the secretary. "J. Worth is waiting."

Betty squared her shoulders. A little more time and she might have— She made herself smile. She didn't have any excuse. She'd had her chance and she'd muffed it. She opened the door and walked in.

J. Worth was at his massive desk. His hands were folded in front of him, and there was no expression on his face.

"Sit down, Miss Lewis," he said. Betty sat down. She laid her hat on the corner of the desk and she placed her bag and gloves carefully in her lap. She waited.

"There is a novel," J. Worth said ominously, "called 'So This Is Spring.' You are my story editor. You are supposed to know about novels. What do you know about this one?"

"Not a solitary thing," said Betty. At least she'd sink with her flag flying.

J. Worth began to swell. His face was scarlet. "Temper," said Betty. "Temper. You'll blow a fuse."

Something had to give. It did. J. Worth's feelings came out in a long, wordless roar that filled the vast office with its force and bounced thunderously against the panelling. It even echoed from the outer office.

"The acoustics here," said Betty, "are—"

The door from the outer office burst open. It swung back against the wall with a bang. Betty jumped. John was standing there. His hat was on his head, and in one hand he held a crumpled telegram. Her telegram, Betty thought. She shook her head slowly. "The United States cavalry," she said. She was looking at John's face. "Where's your trumpet?" she demanded.

But John was ignoring her. He was glaring at J. Worth. He waved the telegram. "What kind of an organisation have you got, anyway?" he demanded. It was not John's voice. It was a sharp, tough, loud voice. "Well?" John roared. "Your office here doesn't know anything. Your Eastern office doesn't know anything! Miss Lewis is the only one who knows what's happening!"

J. Worth made a gasping sound. He gurgled. He banged once on the desk, hard, with a massive hand. He sat back, satisfied that he was understood.

"I've written a novel!" John roared. "So This Is Spring! I've promised it to Miss Lewis! That's all settled! But your organisation—"

He levelled his finger at J. Worth. J. Worth flinched. "Your organisation!" John repeated. "It's still running around in circles! I get phone calls. I get telegrams! I pull people out of my mailbox and out of my hair! They won't leave me alone!"

Betty said nothing, but things were happening inside of her. All manner of things. She was staring at John and listening to his roaring. He sounded, she thought, like—like everybody else she knew. Like J. Worth; like—yes, like Carl.

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His mouth worked and he hampered thunderously on the desk top. "You!" he roared at Betty. "You said you didn't know anything about the property!"

"Did I?" said Betty. "Maybe—"

John roared. "And why wouldn't she? I would, too, if you interfered with me the way you have with her!"

Stop it, Betty thought, stop it. She said, "Look—"

John broke in again. His voice rattled the window. "Do you want this thing, this property, this whatever you call it, or don't you?" He shook his finger across the desk, and J. Worth dodged desperately. "Well!" John bellowed.

J. Worth said, "Yes. Yes." There was awe in his voice. "Of course we want it." He took a deep breath. There was respect in his eyes, in his voice. He looked at Betty, and then he looked at John. "How much?" he asked. "What's your price?"

"Price?" John's finger dropped. "Oh," he said, "price." His voice was its usual gentle self. Betty began to smile, secretly, inside. "Price!" John roared suddenly. The finger reappeared, pointing like a gun at J. Worth's face. "I'll figure it out!" John bellowed.

He snatched a pencil out of his pocket. He looked at the telegram. It was too crumpled. He threw it on the floor. Betty picked it up and opened it. It was here. She looked at John.

He was across the office. He had a piece of paper in his hand. He was scribbling furiously. He turned round and glared at J. Worth. "Don't think you're going to get it cheap!" he roared, and went back to his scribbling. J. Worth flinched. She peered over his arm and then reached out and took the paper in her hand. The scribbling was nonsense. Only one figure was written. Fifteen thousand dollars. She turned back to J. Worth. "One hundred and fifty thousand," she said. "That's a fair—"

"And don't think you'll get it any cheaper!" John roared. "That's—"

He stopped there and looked down at Betty, and his eyes were wide.

"It's a deal," said J. Worth.

"One hundred and fifty," John said slowly in awe. "What did you say?"

But Betty wasn't listening. She had turned the paper over and was staring at its back. It was a bill from a gift and flower shop—one orchid, white; candy, five pounds; salted nuts, assorted, two pounds; one orchid, white, one orchid, golden. Charged to Mr. John Malcomb. The bells rang and the guns fired and something went "Whoom!" in her chest—something warm.

"What did you say?" John repeated slowly.

"You can't back out now!" J. Worth shouted. "You can't hold me up in my own office. One hundred and fifty thousand and not a penny more!"

John blinked at him. He took a deep breath. "Listen!" he roared, and there he stopped. Betty's hand was on his arm. She was looking up into his face, and in her eyes there was something he had never seen there. "Sh-h-h," she said softly. "I like you better the other way. The way you were. The way you are." She looked down at the paper in her hands, and then back up into his face again.

She was smiling. "I didn't thank you for all of this, did I?" She reached for John's ears and grabbed them and rose on tiptoe. "You'd better get used to this," she said. "You better do exercises to strengthen your ears. I don't want you looking like a spaniel."

J. Worth roared: "Miss Lewis!" He opened his mouth to roar again and then he closed it and a smile spread slowly as he watched. He slapped the top of the desk, and the slap sounded like a pistol shot. "Cute!" he bellowed. "Cute, isn't she?"

But Betty and John were busy and they heard nothing.

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DON'T LET THAT COLD GET A HOLD!



TONIGHT! — off to bed with a piping hot drink and 2 or 3 'Aspro' tablets — *NIP THAT COLD IN THE BUD!*

At this time of the year, when there is so much cold and 'flu trouble about, it's sheer carelessness not to take action when you feel something is amiss.

Sneezes, shiveriness, heavy-headedness, feverishness, aches and pains are all signs that YOU might be the next to go down with a bout of 'flu or a severe cold. To-day — as for more than 25 years — the swift, safe and certain way to beat colds and 'flu is 'ASPRO'. If you feel a cold coming on take two or three 'ASPRO' tablets immediately and two tablets every two hours. Then, on going to bed, take two or three tablets with a hot lemon drink. That will reduce your temperature, soothe the aches and pains and help you to restful slumber while the anti-pyretic properties of 'ASPRO' exert a healthy skin action by promoting a mild perspiration. Nip that cold in the bud with 'ASPRO'.

'ASPRO' makes a wonderful GARGLE too. Read this . . .
One of thousands of letters from grateful users . . .

Mr. R.A., Mt. Wilson, N.S.W., writes (16/7/45): Dear Sirs,—I am writing to express my appreciation of the wonderful relief obtained by the use of 'ASPRO' for a sore throat. On several occasions I have awakened with a sore throat, and after gargling with 'ASPRO' dissolved in warm water, experienced immediate relief. I always carry a large size bottle of 'ASPRO' in all my travels.

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SCIATICA
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MISS JONES

looked at me inquiringly. "You," I replied, "may call me Al."

"Thank you," she had a smile. "Mr. Johnson spoke about you. He said you were to be assigned to the feeding department."

"Is that important?"

"Haven't you heard," she laughed, "that a circus marches on its stomach? The animals must eat. Of course it's important. Where would a circus be without animals?"

"You'd still have your knife-throwers."

The light fingered her silk and maple hair. She was the quiet kind and a little shy. I asked her where I would sleep, and she told me. Then I left.

I did not see the Admiral for some days. When a circus moves everybody is busy. Especially the people whose names you never see in the programmes. Like myself.

Then, one morning, he sent for me. He was talking to Biddy Malone in an unused tent. Near there was the cork pedestal. He introduced me to his assistant.

"Hello," she said, "how do you do?"

Her voice was away down and all husky as if she had eaten too many chocolates, and the way she used her eyelashes was strictly from heaven.

"So . . . you want to be a knife-thrower?"

"Correct."

"Have you steady hands?"

I did not, at that moment. I defy any man who can still feel the beat of his heart to keep steady when he is close to Biddy Malone. But I said "Yes."

She took my wrist. It was beautiful.

"You look strong."

The Admiral had lifted a knife from a tin box by his feet. He passed it to me.

"Throw it," he said. "Let me see."

It was very sudden. But with those blue-rippled eyes watching me I felt I could do anything. I took the outlass. I aimed at the centre of the cork slab just where I figured Biddy's hips would be if she was standing there. It was a most remarkable shot.

The Admiral wore a grin like a mountain.

"Nice," he said. "very nice. Yes. You are worthy of my tutorage. I will make you a great artist. I Larkin will lift you from the grave of the feeding department into a star of the circus. Now watch."

And there it began.

In less than a year I swear I could almost sign my name on that cork slab.

But in a year I was still feeding animals. Because the Admiral was a very starchy person. He never got sick or drunk.

But sometimes it was not so bad. Now and then I could still listen to the hot-honey voice of Biddy Malone and dream of the time when it would be me and her, out there under the big-top together. Al Hutt and Biddy Malone. It made me happy just to say it over and over. But the actual experience seemed as far off as ever.

One night I was sitting on the top step of my caravan when Lucy Jones passed by. I called to her. She came over and sat down. The air was ripe. Spring was early.

I was lonely with my thoughts, and Lucy, as I said, was the quiet kind. The homely, nice kind a fellow could talk to.

"Lucy," I said, "do you ever dream?"

"Yes, Al often. Especially at this time of the year."

"Why this time?"

She laughed almost to herself. "Because it reminds me of home," she said. "In the place where I come from it's very beautiful just now. They grow almonds, the best

Ever Throw a Knife at a Blonde?

almonds in the world, and in the beginning of spring, the land is full of blossom."

"Yes?"

"In the old days, in spring, when the moon was clear, like this, we'd walk on and on through the blossom for miles. That country has a smell to it you never forget, and this time of the year I dream that one day, perhaps, I'll go back to that country."

"Alone?"

Her voice was far off.

"I suppose so."

"Lucy," I said, "why did you join a circus?"

I could see her chin against the moon.

"A circus does something to your blood. The things in it, the people, they do something to you, Al."

I remembered Biddy.

"Quite true," I said.

"Things happen in a circus."

"Like falling in love," I said.

She turned her head, faced me, then looked away.

"You are a girl," I said; "a girl in a circus and your heart starts spinning."

"Al . . ."

"But what good does it do, when you're only an animal feeder? What right has an animal feeder to fall in love, anyway?"

"Everybody has a right to fall in love, Al. Just the same as everybody has a right to count stars and breathe air."

Her words were low and sweet. I thought, for a moment, of almond blossoms. But it passed very quickly. You just didn't associate almond blossoms with Biddy Malone. It was different.

"You just sit back in the middle of your screw dreams and wonder if you'll ever get what you want."

"But Al, if you love her . . ."

"With me," I said, "there's more to it than that. You see, I want something first. I want to be up there."

I threw a thumb upward at the peppered silver. "In that high line of lights. Without that I'll never ask her, Lucy. Without that I'm still bottom deck."

I noticed her eyes. Wet, like bluebells in the morning. I knew she was still dreaming, too.

"If I could only make the big act," I said.

"What act, Al?"

"Those knives. Those wonderful long, silver knives. That's all I want."

She was close beside me. "If only it were me and Biddy," I thought. "Me and Biddy and the first moon of spring."

"Al?"

"It really doesn't make any difference what you are. Not really."

"Yes it does."

"Why?"

"Because Biddy Malone deserves top-rankers," I said.

"Oh . . . Biddy Malone?"

"Sure."

She said she wanted to write a letter or something and when she had gone I sat there for a long time. The moon moved. Time moved. Days and nights. Animals and chaff. And then it happened.

It happened in the evening. It happened when I was lumping two buckets of straw across the animal enclosure. It happened just after interval. It happened as quick as the front end of a cyclone when "Arbuckle" Johnson faced me with his cheeks blown out and working like mobile jelly.

"Can you do it?" he pumped.

"Can you do what?"

"Can I do the act?"

"The act?"

"Admiral Larkin," he said, "is sick."

And it had happened.

"You have ten minutes," he said. I did not speak. I could not. Catherine wheels raced where my tongue used to be. I ran to my caravan. I dug under my bed, in a box, and I found it. Red. It was with slick, brass buttons, and trousers to match. I had bought it long ago, at the beginning of my dreams.

In seven minutes I was at the entrance. Arbuckle was there.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Can you really do it?"

"Watch me," I said, "just give me room and watch me, Jack."

Continued from page 4

"Okay, I'll tell Biddy Malone," That did plenty to my heart. Me and Biddy Malone. At last. I waited by the say canvas entrance. I was a king, an eagle, a hero, an idol, a knife-thrower. Before me, the ring.

I counted the minutes. Two to go. And then . . . then, the manager returned. With him was Biddy Malone. A gown embraced her. I waited for her to speak.

She spoke all right.

"If you think," she said to Arbuckle, "that I am going out there with this baboon-feeder to risk my neck while he plays around with knives then you are mad."

Her voice ascended.

"I wouldn't trust him with a blunt toothpick."

Then she was gone. So was everything. I heard the cymbals. My eyes felt as if ice was breaking up in them.

"You'll have to go out there and do something," said Johnson. "Stunt. Anything. Keep 'em amused."

I left the entrance. There was applause. People had heard fine things about the knife-throwing act. What to do?

I gathered an armful of knives. The pedestal seemed to sneer with

joy. I began to throw them. I tried to think. I made a figure eight in the cork. There was some clapping. Not much, just a little. Anticipation held them. They expected something else. Where was the good-looking blonde they had heard about?

I walked up and collected the knives.

The applause rose. I did not understand. I had been there three minutes and hardly done anything. The noise grew loud like galloping cavalry. Something was happening.

I turned. And there she was. Shy little Lucy Almond-blossom Jones. Walking over the sawdust with all the airs and class of Sheba on a Saturday night. Her blonde, silk hair cascaded to glamorous bare shoulders, and she wore a brief crimson dress with spangles that winked allure. Oh, how she had changed.

She passed me. Close.

"I expected this," she said from the corner of her mouth. "Start throwing, Mister Big. See if you can hit me."

Then she was standing against the pedestal, and everywhere people waited for pins to fall.

Her, with all that trust in her eyes. Not once had she seen me throw a knife, but she believed in me.

STILL, confident like a beautiful statue, Lucy Jones, from the almond-blossom country, joining a circus because things happened. My gaze was strangled on her face. I felt the knife in my right hand. Here was me, Alastair Hutt, making my play for those burning high lights. But that face, those crushed-cherry lips—that blonde hair.

I cannot tell you how I felt. There are no words that I know. There is only one way you would understand. That's why I say . . .

"Ever throw a knife at a blonde?"

No?

Well, I did. Yes, friend, I threw a knife at Lucy Jones. But just once. Then I gave it up. I got married.

Ever grow almonds, friend? Ever been in the almond country when it's early spring? Ever walked with your wife, under the full moon, through the blossoms?

No?

Friend, you have never lived.

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

What's on your mind?

Lessons in English for migrants

NOW that migrants from many foreign countries are entering Australia, I suggest that they be compelled to attend classes in English. This plan would help migrants to take their place in the community.

There are already classes they can attend voluntarily. But often they neglect to do so.

Foreign women, especially, are likely to remain "strangers in a strange land" because they cannot fully understand what is going on around them.

The men soon pick up enough English for business purposes, and the children learn it when they go to school. The mothers, staying at home, remain foreigners in thought and speech, simply because they cannot join in our community life, though quite willing to do so.

A command of English would help them to fit in with our way of life, and we in turn would be able to understand the problems and perplexities of these people.

El to C. M. Taylor, Howatharra, via Geraldton, W.A.

Fade-out

MISS H. BLAKE'S letter (7/6/47) asking why the names of the cast are always given before a picture is screened, and not afterwards, is easily answered.

When the cast is given after the picture, only a few remain to see it. Many people have an annoying habit of leaving the theatre just before the end, completely blocking the view of those who wish to see the final fade-out.

5/- to Miss P. N. Keighran, c/o Mrs. Carey, Moppett St., Hay, N.S.W.

Peanuts and protein

DOCTORS say that the Australian diet lacks protein. We should follow America's example, and make use of peanuts in our diet.

Peanut flour is five times as rich as white flour, and contains other valuable food elements. Mixed with wheat flour it makes a highly nutritious and palatable loaf.

5/- to Miss E. Walker, "The Outlook," Penang St., Kuala Lumpur, N.S.W.

READERS are invited to write in this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 8. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names. Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers in this column, and unsolicited letters cannot be returned. Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Adopted children

THE most interesting article "Puppies are like Babies" (7/6/47) brings vividly to mind the old controversy—Why are some people so firmly opposed to adoption of children?

I have heard the argument that they could not give the same love to a child not of their own flesh and blood. They forget conveniently that a puppy is not of their own flesh and blood, either!

These people lavish on a puppy all the love and affection which should really go to a child.

To my mind it is the height of conceit to think that another person's child could never be as good as one's own. Maybe it is natural to love our own children better, but it is also natural to love a child in preference to a dog.

Childless couples would do well to consider adopting a baby before a puppy.

5/- to Mrs. Lillian Perel, 5 Little Flower St., Clayfield, Qld.

Purling wallflowers

WHY do a few teen-agers insist upon bringing knitting to dances?

They look most unsocial as they



purl and plain for the entire evening. Most of the offenders can dance, too.

Is it any wonder that men rush the girls who look as if they want to dance and steer clear of the knitters?

In my opinion there is a time and a place for everything.

5/- to "Tango," Keyeton, S.A.

Public nuisances

ACCIDENTS call for instant help, without hindrance or confusion. Yet, whenever street accidents occur, the victims are immediately surrounded by a jostling crowd of curious people.

These people distress the injured and hinder the work of those capable of rendering assistance.

Onlookers should be tactful and realise that by moving on they can help in a generous way. The road is cleared for quick transport, and the injured person gains fresh air and quiet.

5/- to Winifred Berry, 14 Foster St., St. Kilda, Vic.

Freezing subject

IN one Victorian town an ice company issues to its customers a small white flag which fits into a tiny socket to be attached to the front gate.

When the customer needs ice, the flag is flown, thus saving many a needless trip around the back when ice is not required.

This idea could be followed by other towns and by other tradesmen.

5/- to Mrs. R. Jukes, 193 High St., Maryborough, Vic.

Free flowers

A GIFT of flower seeds was made in one of London's badly blitzed boroughs to all householders, so that neglected gardens could bloom again.

This is an idea that might be followed here, without waiting for a blitz.

Flower seeds, shrubs, and plants are too expensive for home gardeners to buy all they would like; but botanic gardens are continually throwing discards on the rubbish heap. Why not let us have regular free issues of these plants and cuttings through local councils?

5/- to Miss Lois Row, 16 Darley St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

Classics drop out

BOOKS by famous writers are dropping out of our libraries, and it seems likely that they may never be replaced.

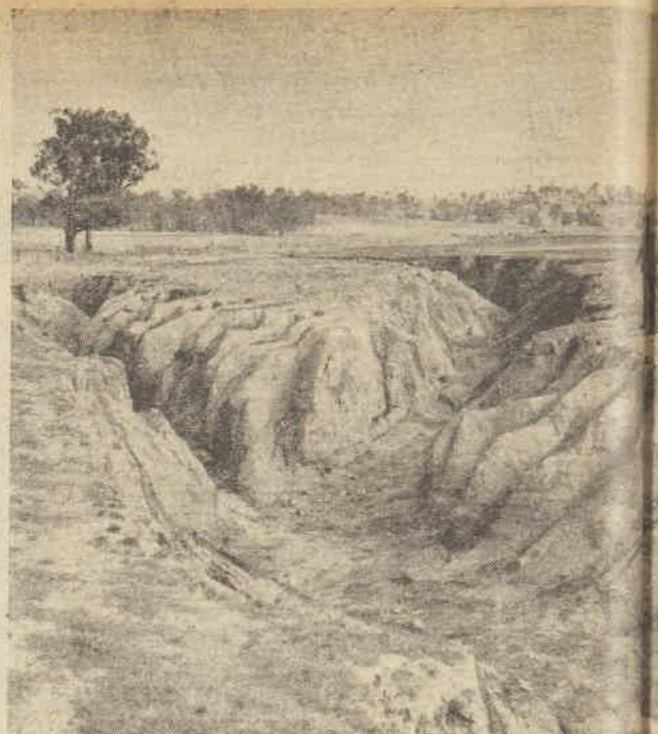
They are valuable as mirrors of past times, and of life and humor, as well as for their literary qualities.

Absent from the shelves of many circulating libraries they are missed by the elderly who would re-read them, and lost to younger people who would undoubtedly enjoy them.

5/- to Rose Couper, 15 Deighton Rd., Dutton Park, Qld.



FARMERS discuss progress in their fight against soil erosion at Gulpong, N.S.W. From left: Jim Winters, Jim Baldwin, Mrs. Margaret Hollows, Dal Hollows, Clive Smith, Doug Colclough, and Vic Hollows.



WATER RUN-OFF from higher country in background caused this big gully in one of Vic Hollows' cultivation paddocks.



SHARE-FARMER Jim Winters sows oats while caterpillar tractor ploughs paddock which was once so badly eroded Winters had to plough it in four blocks.



CONTOUR PLOUGHING on Vic Hollows' farm. The old method of straight up-and-down ploughing is one of chief causes of erosion. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

SCIENCE CAN FIGHT E

Gulpong farmers take lead in first big experiment

Eight disheartened farmers, meeting in the living-room of a 70-year-old farmhouse at Canadian Lead, near Gulpong, N.S.W., in July, 1943, were almost in despair. Soil erosion was ruining their properties.

They decided to take a shot in the dark. At that meeting they agreed to hand over to the N.S.W. Soil Conservation Service a 3000-acre catchment area for Australia's first major demonstration of erosion control.

THE farmers are grandsons and great-grandsons of men who joined in the gold rush to Canadian Lead in the 'sixties, and stayed on to farm the rich land near the once crowded mining town.

They are Clive Smith, Reynolds Hollows, Dal Hollows, Vic Hollows, Jim Baldwin, T. Rowbotham, Roth and Jim Winters.

War delayed the first steps in the experiment that they believed might save their farms and it was not begun until September, 1945.

But last week in the living-room where the first meeting had been held five of the farmers who own the major portion of the demonstration area told me that their "shot in the dark" had turned out a "real winner."

All are impressed by the success of the anti-erosion methods which have been used on their land since the experiment was begun.

They have only one reservation. They are waiting to see how anti-erosion measures will stand up against a really heavy storm such as that which, seven years ago, destroyed their crops in less than half an hour.

For the deep gullies on their properties were not caused by the windstorms which damage the drier regions of Australia, but by the run-off of excess water from the surrounding hilly country.

In the past, they said, big storms had caused more erosion in a few days than steady rains had caused in 12 to 15 years.

When the farmers had their meeting four years ago Gordon Kaleski

and Tom Taylor, Soil Conservation Service experts, told them that the Service would provide workmen and modern earth-moving equipment as a demonstration of up-to-date erosion control.

The farmers were asked to provide the land.

Erosion gullies had first appeared on properties after a big storm 10 years before that. Since then intense summer rains had deepened and widened gullies in cultivation paddocks until the biggest were 15 feet deep and small ones were 10 and three feet deep.

Some of the farmers had already written off as "dead land" the deeper gullies which intersected their most fertile paddocks.

The 3000-acre area for which Kaleski and Taylor asked contained badly eroded land belonging to each farmer.

Some doubted the project, others favored it. But all agreed to give full co-operation to the Soil Conservation Service.

The farmers had little to lose and much to gain.

When work began in September, 1945, the farmers had pledged themselves to use soil conservation methods for five years.

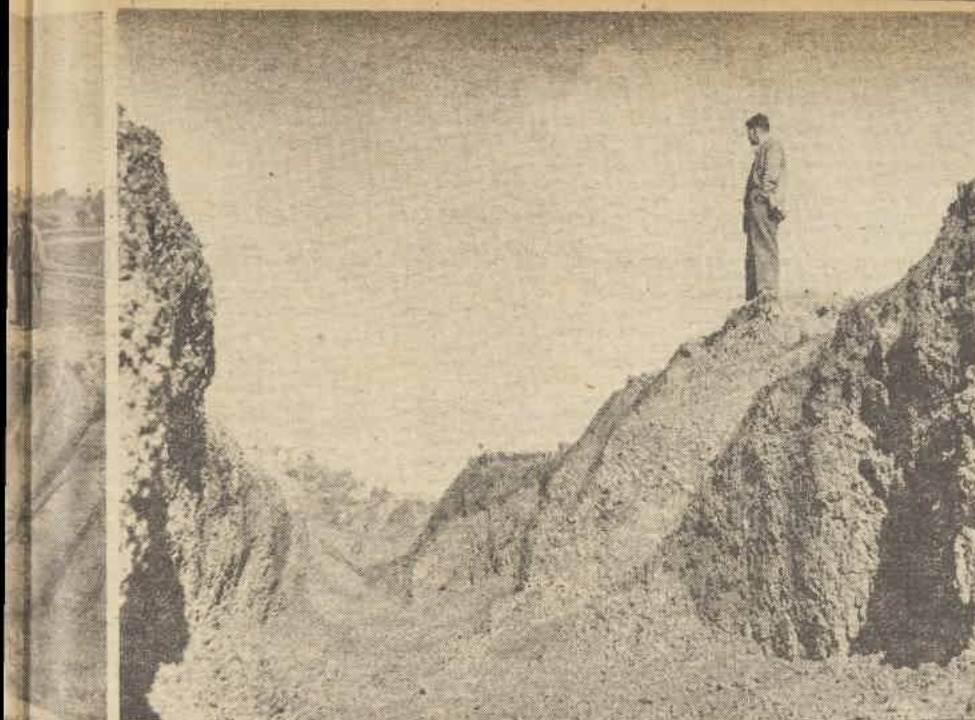
Youthful Douglas Colclough, Hawkesbury Agricultural College diplomate and expert on soil erosion, is in charge of the project.

His laconic summing-up of the basic causes of soil erosion is: "Bad farming and unwise use of land."

He added: "Rabbit infestation, intense summer rains, over-stocking and thrashing of land by farmers all cause soil erosion."

"Some of the farmers were hesitant about this scheme in the beginning, but when they saw the work going ahead and could observe how the pasture furrows stood up

By Staff Reporter
GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN



in the middle EROSION EXPERT Douglas Colclough inspects a natural gully line scoured out by excess water rolling down from the top slopes.



DOUGLAS COLCLOUGH and farmers take time off to study map of district before deciding on their next choice for soil treatment.

EROSION — AND WIN

SALVATION OF LANDS

OLIVE SMITH, considered by some to be Gulgong's most progressive farmer, described the demonstrations illustrated on these pages as "the salvation of our wheat- and grazing lands."

He said: "Every farmer in Australia must tackle erosion seriously. For generations we have been taking from the land and now the time has come when we have to put something back."

heavy summer rains they co-operated splendidly."

But the five tall, slim, quietly spoken farmers were not at all pessimistic when they talked to me last week.

While Mrs. Margaret Hollows, mother of bachelor Vic Hollows, poured tea for us in the farmhouse, they gave me these opinions:

"Soil erosion control is Australia's best investment," said Vic Hollows, owner of a 1000-acre farm.

"Erosion is a deadly enemy to the country. This demonstration has shown us that it can be controlled."

"I am jolly glad they chose us for this scheme, because the three gullies breaking through my cultivation areas were rapidly reducing the value of the land."

Vic's cousin, 45-year-old Dall Hollows, was another who endorsed the scheme. He has 200 acres of his 640-acre farm under treatment.

"It's the best thing that ever happened to us and to our district," he said.

"Sixty acres of my farm were badly eroded and the rest of the land was beginning to erode when the demonstration began."

"My grandfather and my father farmed this land before me, and it has yielded for more than 80 years. But you can't keep on taking from the land without putting something back into it."

"Wheat is a real soil killer, so I'm following instructions and leaving my eroded paddocks to grass for three or four years before bringing them back to wheat."

"It's not too late to beat erosion if farmers throw themselves into the battle and follow the methods used in this demonstration."

"It's a straight-out job and there's nothing intricate about it. Farmers have only to study their lands and

ask their State Conservation Service to send along a man to help."

Share-farmer Jim Winters said one of his paddocks was so badly eroded that he had to plough it in four blocks and skip the eroded sections.

Since treatment, some of the eroded blocks have been brought back into cultivation, the paddock is now in one block and the deepest erosion gully has been turned into a 2000-yard dam.

Jim Winters told me: "But for this scheme I would have had to do away with cultivation in a few years and let the land go to grazing."

"I have 180 acres in the scheme and as a result I am now cultivating 50 acres more than I did before."

Although he was a willing entrant in the scheme and firmly believes in its basic principles, farmer Jim Baldwin is still a little sceptical.

He fears that the farmers' fight against erosion might be an all-time job.

"I think we have a lot to learn yet," he said.

"We have all gone to a lot of trouble putting in waterways and furrows, but I think the water will carry silt, the grass will grow and in no time we will have to dig again."

"I think too, there should be more dams to catch the heavy rains, because it's the storms that do the damage."

First step in the scheme was to class and divide the area according to slope and soil conditions.

Pasture furrows, absorption banks, and dams were made on top country areas which had allowed a run-off of water that caused extensive erosion on the lower lands.

These protected the cultivation areas by reducing the run-off to a minimum.

Pasture furrows are level banks about half a chain apart, 12 inches wide and deep. Where possible they are constructed on upper lands to absorb and hold a certain amount of water.

Excess water is caught in gully dams which lead to grassed waterways. These waterways are wide, shallow channels constructed according to the catchment or the expected flow of water.

Fenced off from stock, they are sown with grass and lucerne, and, when well established, take the flow of water from graded banks or overflowing dams.

At Canadian Lead the greatest erosion damage was found in the cultivation lands because of the water run-off from higher slopes.



PASTURE FURROWS which catch the rain and prevent a run-off of water are surveyed by Douglas Colclough.

With the run-off from the higher slopes controlled by pasture furrows, dams, and waterways the cultivation lands are further protected by graded banks spaced and constructed according to slope and soil conditions.

Banks and waterways absorb all run-off water and protect the cultivation areas from further erosion.

Other control methods include contour ploughing, rotational cropping, judicious stocking and grazing, and stubble mulch farming.

The farmers' old method of ploughing straight up and down a field was one of the main causes of erosion. Rain water raced down the plough furrows, carrying away good soil as it went.

When fields are ploughed according to the contour of the land, that erosion is avoided.

The Canadian Lead farmers will also undertake a tree-planting programme. The trees will stabilise some of the severe gully erosion where the run-off has been brought under control by treatment of the catchment and diversion of the water into grassed waterways.

Australia need not fear the disastrous effects of soil erosion while there are intelligent, stout-hearted farmers and scientific experts to guide them in conserving good earth.



CATERPILLAR TRACTOR, driven by Soil Conservation Service employee Bert Clarke, pulls a grader-terrace in Jim Winters' paddock.

**SCRAPHEAP-
HERE I COME!**
NO POT OR PAN CAN
STAND UP TO SCRATCHY
CLEANSERS THAT SCRAPE
THINGS CLEAN



Clean
Smoothly with
VIM
-NEVER SCRATCHES

YOU CAN'T GET QUALITY
LIKE MINE TODAY, YET I'M
GOOD AS EVER. THAT'S
SMOOTH-CLEANING WITH
VIM'S FINE SOAP-COATED
PARTICLES!



Vm. 4-32

Another knock Mother, Dear Mother

Continued from page 5



"There, I do think we're getting somewhere at last! But then I had that very same feeling an hour ago."

came at the door. This time it was the man from the mill with the month's ration of meal for the hens. He dumped his paper bag on the floor, and said cheerily, "Nice kids, eh?"

While I was signing the docket Felicity seized the opportunity and our week's butter. In a second she had made quite a hole in it. She loves butter, and looks as if she lived in a dairy.

The mill man gave me a sympathetic grin. "The first five years are the worst, mate."

"If I can stay alive for five days I'll do!"

"Missus ill?"

"Yes."

"Terrible, ain't it?"

An understanding fellow. I believe he would have liked to stay and lend a hand, but, of course, he had his job to do.

There was the fire to light in the dining-room, which on wet days is also the play-room. On that morning of all mornings we were out of fire lights. The toy cupboard had been opened and any movement now meant mountaineering. Also, Felicity was helping me by handing pieces of coal from the scuttle, having first sampled them for taste. Gale and all. I skurried out in my dressing-gown and got sticks.

When I came back Felicity had fallen off a chair and Susan was strangling herself with a piece of cord.

A great relief when they both retired to the kitchen. I heard Susan saying, "Now, Cliddy I am the post office. I sell you two pounds of potatoes and your firs for the week if you have your books." I was pleased that they were happily playing shop, and touched, too, by the terms they used. It seems sad, some-

how, to hear babes talking of ration books, and announcing that all the "awful" is under the counter this week, and that they are sold out of this and have none of that.

Breakfast for Midge and me seemed to be the next thing. As we only have tea and toast that would be easy. On second thoughts, I remembered there was some cake in the cupboard. Perhaps, in view of everything, it would be better to use that this morning. There was such a lot to do—and I had only one pair of hands.

When I went into the kitchen I discovered that the few moments of peace had been won at a price. The game of shop was being played with the huge bag of chicken meal, and most of it was on the floor, so that the place looked as if it had been swept by a brown blizzard. I was wrathful though I knew in a way it was unjust. You couldn't imagine nicer stuff to play shop with.

My yell of despair and rage was answered by a storm of tears and loud and prolonged cries for "Mummy! Mummy!"

The uproar was so great that it reached Midge, and she must have got out of bed and opened her door, for I heard her calling, "Bring them both in here for a while, darling!"

I didn't want to. Even apart from the germs, it would mean the end of peace for Midge, but there was now more to be done than ever, and I still only had the same number of hands.

If I were rid of the children for just half an hour I could get everything under control. They could sit on the floor in the bedroom and play with dolls.

I found two dolls, and we went, happy again now, to join Mummy.

She had contrived a kind of yash-

mak affair of gauze. This was a great success, and was greeted with loud mirth. Mummy had never played anything funnier. Dolls were flung aside, and there was a wild scramble for the bed.

"Now listen, you two girls!" I began sternly.

"Let them get up," said Midge. "It's not their fault that Mummy's not well, and they can't be expected to know."

Feeling rather ashamed, but infinitely relieved, I retreated. Having lit the boiler, again without fire lights, I put on the kettle and swept up the chicken meal.

I had been up at eight, but now—don't ask me where the time had gone—it was nearing ten and full time to feed the hens. They are our life-line, and not to be neglected. Possibly the neighbors thought it slightly eccentric for me to run up in the forward through the downpour in cardboard-soled red slippers and a raincoat over dressing-gown and pyjamas, but by now I was past caring. Nothing mattered except to keep on.

The cake was stale, but it was really better than toast for an invalid whose throat was sore. As for me, I never intended to eat again, but I was certainly ready for tea. I piled everything on to a tray, and broke one of our few remaining cups, in addition to scalding my thumb with tea which spurted from the teapot spout.

Midge was sitting up with both children straddled across her. The yashmak had been torn off. In some extraordinary fashion Midge contrived to look happy, if flushed. It's wonderful what a woman can do when she adores her turbulent babies and her muddling, inefficient husband.

"It's a shame, darling," I said, "that you can't have a moment's rest even now."

"But I am resting," she said, quite gaily. "I'm in bed; I'm not on my legs. Every inch of my body's enjoying itself. This is simply heaven. You ought to be a woman for a while, old boy, and you'd know what I mean."

"Not me," I said. "No being a woman for me!"

"You're so sweet," said Midge. "Having such a horrid time, and still able to joke."

It was such fun in Mummy's room that everywhere else seemed dull and grey, so we settled in. Susan and Felicity were in the highest spirits, and that meant plenty of noise and activity. Midge kept sighing that it was heavenly—personally. I should have thought it was more like the other place. That anybody could enjoy such a day gave a man something to chew on. I should have been haywire by midday.

In comparative peace I prepared the youngsters' lunch, as instructed. Depressing to find the boiler had gone out again. Admittedly, I hadn't made much of a job of lighting it, but just that once the thing might have made an effort. Not it. It sat there, black and grim as Old Nick himself.

The meal itself was a huge success because it was a picnic. Of course, on a picnic you eat with much more zest, waving spoons about and knocking things over. A bit of extra mess can't possibly matter on a picnic!

In the spirit of the day I prepared just an alfresco repast for us. Apart from gashing my scalded thumb when opening the sardines, I did quite well.

Throughout the long, long day Potty was a popular game. It was such fun enjoying daddy's fumbling efforts to dress and undress you, though it wasn't much fun for his cracked nails and his thumb.

"Potty! Potty!" from Felicity. "Daddy, I want Potty, please," from Susan.

Bad enough when the call was genuine, but maddening when the merry announcement followed: "Oh, Daddy, I was only choking." Out of the kindness of her heart—and perhaps because she saw headlines, Babies Drowned in Bath—Midge decided that this once it would do if Susan and Felicity only had their hands and faces washed. By five-thirty, looking like angels in-

stead of imps, they were in their cots, and I waded about and cleared up the mess in our bedroom. Then I boiled some eggs—gifts of the dear hens. This is a relatively simple meal to prepare, but though I timed them carefully, the clock must have been fast or slow or something, for they were as hard as rocks. Still, as Midge pointed out, they were really easier to eat in bed like that, so I cheered up again.

"You've done wonders, dear," she said. "It's been such a lovely day for me. I'll get a good night's sleep now, and I should be up to-morrow."

I smiled at that. Round about ten o'clock I'd finished the washing up, and put the clothes to soak, and with a sigh of relief sat down by the dying fire to read the morning papers. It was the best hour in a weary house-husband's day. At that moment the electric light went out.

Doubtless there were candles, but I didn't know where, and Midge was asleep. I struck my colors, shed my clothes on the floor, found my pyjamas, and crawled off to bed, shuddering at the thought that to-morrow was only nine hours away.

To-morrow was the same as the first day, only worse. Fortunately, the electricity breakdown had been caused by the gale, and the wires had been repaired. But the boiler was out. The rain had really set in. There were complications like clean clothes to be found, and the essential and perpetual washing to be done. I also had to do some shopping.

Midge had another delightful, heavenly, restful day in bed, and as the children didn't leave her for a moment I was able to cope a little better.

I did use precious soap flakes—lots of them—instead of that beastly soap powder for the washing up, but otherwise there were few major calamities.

It was something of a triumph that I was able to read both days' papers in the evening. Indeed, I sat up late, enjoying the quiet house, because I knew as soon as my head touched the pillow it would be time to get up and start on the third day.

By the mercy of Allah and her own indomitable will and spirit, Midge was up next morning. Only a blind man, and a caddish blind man at that, would have said she was well enough to be about again, but she insisted that she was and felt a thousand times better for her two lovely days in bed, the first she'd had for six years, apart from the two fortnights she'd won by having Susan and Felicity.

Yes, it makes you think!

I gave Brown a good tot of whisky. I felt he needed it and, possibly, had earned it.

"And how's Midge to-day?" I said. "Oh, she's fine again now," said Brown. "All this happened over a week ago. It's only I who haven't got over it yet. Susan and Felicity have had colds since. Bad seeing the poor kids querulous and dead-eyed, asking Mummy to make them well. But we worried through that time, too. It wasn't half so bad; Midge was on the job."

He smiled fondly. "It's only when the woman of the house is enjoying a few days in bed that you get the real chamber-of-horrors effect. They're mighty wonderful things, wives and mothers—when they're the genuine article."

He raised his glass to them, and I joined him, though, as Brown said, being a self-centred, selfish, care-free bachelor, I didn't know the half of it.

(Copyright)

I was just a housekeeper to my husband!

Muriel often thought back to when they were first married. Geoff had been so attentive and loving then. But now her life was one long round of housework and minding the children. Why did men change like this after marriage?

NEXT NIGHT

"I LOVE TO WEAR THIS TO THE DANCE—AND GRAN WILL BE HERE THEN. SHE CAN MIND THE KIDDIES."

"AW—I DON'T WANT TO GO MURIEL. LET'S LEAVE DANCING TO THE TEEN-AGERS."

"IT'S NO USE AWAYING A FURS MURIEL! I'M NOT CHANGING MY PLANS FOR ANYONE."

"IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME! I THOUGHT AT LEAST WHILE GRAN WAS HERE WE COULD GO OUT TOGETHER!"

"OH GRAN—EVERYTHING'S CHANGED. GEOFF USED TO LOVE TAKING ME OUT. HE'S LIKE A STRANGER THESE DAYS!"

"LOOK DEAR, YOU'VE CHANGED TOO—WE NOTICED. WHY I REMEMBER WHEN YOU ALWAYS USED LIFEBOUY."

WINTER WEATHER IS "B.O." WEATHER TOO

Heavy clothes, heated atmospheres and closed windows make "B.O." as great a danger in winter as in summer. That's why you need Lifebuoy now as much as ever! With its special health ingredient Lifebuoy gives you lasting and all-over protection from "B.O."

THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O."

A WEEK LATER...

"IT'S GREAT TO BE OUT TOGETHER DARLING."

"(THINKS) WERE LIKE SWEETHEARTS AGAIN, I OWE LIFEBOUY A LOT."

"B.O. THATS WHAT WAS WRONG! I'LL NEVER CHANGE FROM LIFEBOUY AGAIN."

She says

I have been a sufferer with kidney and bladder trouble for the last 17 years and have tried everything, but in most cases I was worse. Feeling very ill one day, and unable to get up, I read your advertisement for Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids and thought I would give them a trial. I have never looked back. You do not know how grateful I am to you for such a wonderful medicine.



He says

Before taking Menthoids, I had been steadily going downhill for 12 months. Life was becoming intolerable. Maddening pain kept me awake every night. I could not lift my arm above shoulder level and was utterly listless and depressed. A friend recommended Menthoids and, within a week, I rapidly began to regain my old-time vigour and activity. To-day, I feel ten years younger.



Many people to-day are physically and mentally exhausted after six years of war-strain, anxiety and overwork. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment is so good in these cases, because it contains no drugs or stimulants; but, instead, it cleanses the whole system so that you become invigorated with the glow of good health

—aches and pains melt away. If you suffer from constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic aches and pains, Kidney and Bladder troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago or similar ailments, start a course of Menthoids to-day. You can get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6, or a 12-day flask for 3/6 from your nearest chemist or store.

If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to

MENTHOIDS, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney.

and your Menthoids will reach you by return mail. Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.



Dr MACKENZIE'S

MENTHOIDS

Containing **THIONINE** - The Great **BLOOD MEDICINE**

DANGEROUS

CUTS & GRAZES

SOON HEALED

My little Judy's the one for falling over. She's always covered in cuts and grazes, and I used to be afraid they would become infected.

The other day the gravel-rash on her knee looked very angry. I was so worried. I told my neighbour. She said she always relied on Rexona Ointment—so I tried it.

That cool, green ointment soothed the painful chafe almost immediately. It was really amazing how quickly the infection cleared away.

Now I don't worry so much when young Judy gets cuts or grazes. I know Rexona will guard against infection and heal them quickly.

THE RAPID HEALER

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A GAIN the inspector nodded. "In that case," he said, "it would be highly natural for Mr. White to run round the corner of the house, so as to go in by the front door, thus disappearing from sight of the bridge, behind those rhododendrons?"

"Yes," Cook said. "Yes, it would. You think he went into the shrubbery, once the other two couldn't see him? Well, now you put me in mind of it. Miss White said it seemed ages before he got back to them. I didn't set much store by that, for no doubt it would seem ages, under the circumstances." He scratched his head.

"But even supposing you're on the right track, I still don't see how he can have fired the rifle in the first place. Of course, I realise there would have had to have been a bit of mechanism used, which he'd got to get rid of quick. That's plain enough. What isn't plain at all, not to my way of thinking, is what actually fired the rifle. It can't have been the opening of the gate, now, can it?"

Hemingway frowned.

"Do you remember those scratches on that sapling?" he demanded. "Do you remember I said we'd keep them in mind? They've got a bearing on the case! In fact, I've a strong notion I know what caused them. If that rifle wasn't fired by hand, it had to be rigged up somehow, and, what's more, rigged up nice and secure, because if it wasn't held hard, the recoil would spoil the aim."

His voice lifted a little. "What about one of those vices they use for cleaning guns? Clamp that to a handy young tree, get your rifle sighted along the bridge, and that's one problem solved."

"Wait a bit, sir!" said Wake. "I've seen those vices. You can tilt the rifle any way you please in them, so even allowing for the bridge being a good way below the sapling, why

would anyone fix the rifle up so close to the ground? For the grazes weren't but a foot or two up, were they?"

Hemingway was not in the least put out of countenance by this. "We'll probably find there was a reason for that," he said briskly. "As a matter of fact, I've found it already. There's a drop of seven or eight feet to the level of the bridge, and it stands to reason our bird wanted to get as low a trajectory as possible."

"There was something more than a vice there," said Cook, thinking it over. "The vice didn't fire the rifle. Why—why, now we begin to understand that half-trigger pull!"

"You cast your mind back again, and see if there isn't another peculiar circumstance which you begin to understand," said Hemingway.

"What's that?"

"Miss Fanshawe's dog didn't bark," said Hemingway. "And why not? Because there wasn't anyone there to bark at. Funny how simple things are as soon as you stop looking at them from the wrong angle!"

"I certainly think you're on to something," admitted Cook. "I suppose I ought to have been on to it myself."

"You? Why, it's taken me long enough!" said Hemingway. "I don't blame you for not spotting it. You got the gun, and there wasn't a ha'porth of reason why anyone should have tumbled to it that it wasn't fired by some bloke who dropped it, and made off."

"Well, it's very kind of you to say so, I'm sure," responded Cook, a little dubiously.

"I don't see that the case is solved, not by a long chalk," remarked the sergeant. "It's all very well, and I grant you you've pieced it together a fair treat, sir, but what I want to know is, what is this mysterious gadget which set the rifle off just at the right moment?"

"What I want to know," said Hemingway, "isn't what is it, because we'll find that out all in good time, but where is it?"

There was a pause. Inspector Cook said in a disgruntled tone: "Yes, and don't we hope we may find it! Ten to one he took it up to the house with him. He's had plenty of time to get rid of it since Sunday."

Hemingway tapped his teeth with a pencil, pondering.

"No," he said presently. "Just put yourself in his place. To start with, you've got to carry a vice. On top of that, there must have been some bit of mechanism which actually fired the gun. Now, supposing you were to take a chance at getting them hidden away in the house—what happens if you run into someone on the way?"

"Well, he'd have to take some chances. The maid was out, anyway."

"This bird takes chances!" said Hemingway scornfully. "I fancy I see him! Supposing Miss White came up to the house for brandy, or bandages, or something, and had run into him carrying that ironmongery? She might easily have done it."

"Well, if it comes to that, how was he going to explain himself to Miss White, if he'd run into her without his gadgets?"

"Easy," said the sergeant promptly. "He could have pitched a tale about hearing someone in the shrubbery, and running after him. You bet he had all that planned!"

"Then you say he hid the vice, or whatever else it was, down a rabbit hole, or some such place?"

"What was wrong with that pool I saw?" inquired Hemingway. "Seems to me that if he had to dispose of something in a hurry, the pool was the quickest and safest way. All he had to do was to climb that sandy bank, heave his gadgets into the pool, and be off up to the house to put through those telephone calls."

"What about the splash?" suggested Cook. "I grant you they might not have heard it on the bridge, seeing that it's round the bend, and a bit of a distance off, but wouldn't you have expected Miss Fanshawe, or that dog of hers, to have heard it?"

"That's where White was luckier than he knew," answered Hemingway. "Five minutes earlier Miss Fanshawe was down by the stream, and would have seen the whole

No Wind of Blame

Continued from page 7

thing. But she told me that after she heard the shot, she turned into one of the paths leading up the slope.

"Now, I reckon that between the firing of the rifle, and White's heaving the vice and what-not into the pool (if that's what he did) must have been all of five minutes, and very likely more. Miss Fanshawe would be out of earshot by that time, or if not absolutely out of earshot, far enough away for a splash not to catch her attention."

"Yes, and supposing all this did happen like you say, sir, put in the sergeant. White's had plenty of time to fish his gadgets out of that pool, and dispose of them for good and all."

"Time yes, if he'd thought it necessary, which he probably didn't. But there's one thing you're forgetting: it's muddy down by the water, and Mr. White couldn't get anything out of the pool without leaving some nice deep footprints."

"What's more, it'd be a pretty risky thing for him to go wading about in the pool when at any moment someone might have seen him

own, had plunged into the water, not, indeed, to evict the interlopers, but to join them in aquatic sports."

He bore with him a large stick, a circumstance which induced Hemingway to shout out: "Never mind about playing with that dog! Get on with it!"

"We're not playing with the brute, sir!" called Fisher, stung into a retort. "We're trying to shoot it off!"

"You leave it alone and it won't do you any harm!" said Hemingway. "You're only exciting it, waving your arms about like that. Here, come here! Good dog, bring it here, then!"

"Well, well, well!" said a voice from the farther bank. "What's this? A regatta?"

"Oh, it's you, is it, sir?" said the inspector, casting an unfavorable eye over Mr. Hugh Dering. "Well, perhaps you'll call your dog off, since you happen to be here."

"Nothing," said Hugh, visibly enjoying the sight of constables wrestling with Prince's advances, "would give me greater pleasure if he were my dog. But he isn't."

Vicky's Borzoi bounded into view at this moment and at once began to bark at the strangers. The two constables showed a marked disposition to leave the pool in haste, but Hugh grasped the Borzoi by the collar and told him to be quiet.

The inspector began to explain, as tactfully as he could, that neither Hugh's nor the dog's presence was in any way necessary to him, but before he succeeded in making this clear to Mr. Hugh Dering, who was suddenly and unaccountably slow of understanding, Vicky had appeared upon the scene—a demure Vicky, in white organdie with black ribbons.

"Oh, I shouldn't paddle there!" Vicky said, quite distressed. "It's a very muddy, dirty kind of pond. My mother never used to let me go in it."

"Miss, will you call your dog off?" begged Constable Fisher, against whose legs the spaniel was thrusting his stick.

"Do you mind rightfully if I don't?" said Vicky. "He's bound to shake himself all over me, you see, and I don't much want him to."

Hugh, who had been interestedly surveying the treasures collected from the pool, took pity on the police. "All right, I'll rescue you," he said. "Stand clear, Vicky! Come here, Prince! Bring it!"

The spaniel, hopeful of finding a more willing playmate, left the pool, laid his stick at Hugh's feet, and shook himself generously over Hugh's trousers. Hugh knotted his handkerchief through the dog's collar and bade Vicky remove him.

"Yes, but I want to watch what they're doing!" Vicky demurred. "No; go up to the house," Hugh said. "I'll join you later—when I've discovered what all this is about."

"Not even a fussy lawyer can just carelessly fling orders at me," said Vicky, as one imparting valuable information.

"That's all right, ducky; you can play at being the child-wife married to a drunken bully," suggested Hugh. This immediately caught Vicky's ever-lively imagination. "Yes, or a Roman slave."

"Or a Roman slave," agreed Hugh. From the opposite side of the pool, Inspector Hemingway watched Miss Fanshawe's departure with undisguised relief. When, however, he saw that Mr. Hugh Dering, instead of accompanying her, was walking on towards a point where the stream could be jumped, his satisfaction waned swiftly.

"Now, look here, sir," he called. "I'm busy, and I can't have you messing about here now!"

Hugh cleared the stream and walked towards him.

"Can't you?" he said. "Well, of course, if you won't have me on this side of the stream I'll go back and watch you from the other side. I daresay Miss Fanshawe and her mother would like to come and watch, too. Of course I can't promise that they won't bring the dogs with them."

Sergeant Wake bent a shocked stare upon him. Hemingway said: "Oh! Nice state of affairs, I must say, if the police are to be black-mailed by a gentleman of your profession, sir! Now, you know very well you've no right to come meddling here!"

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The Australian Women's Weekly — July 5, 1947

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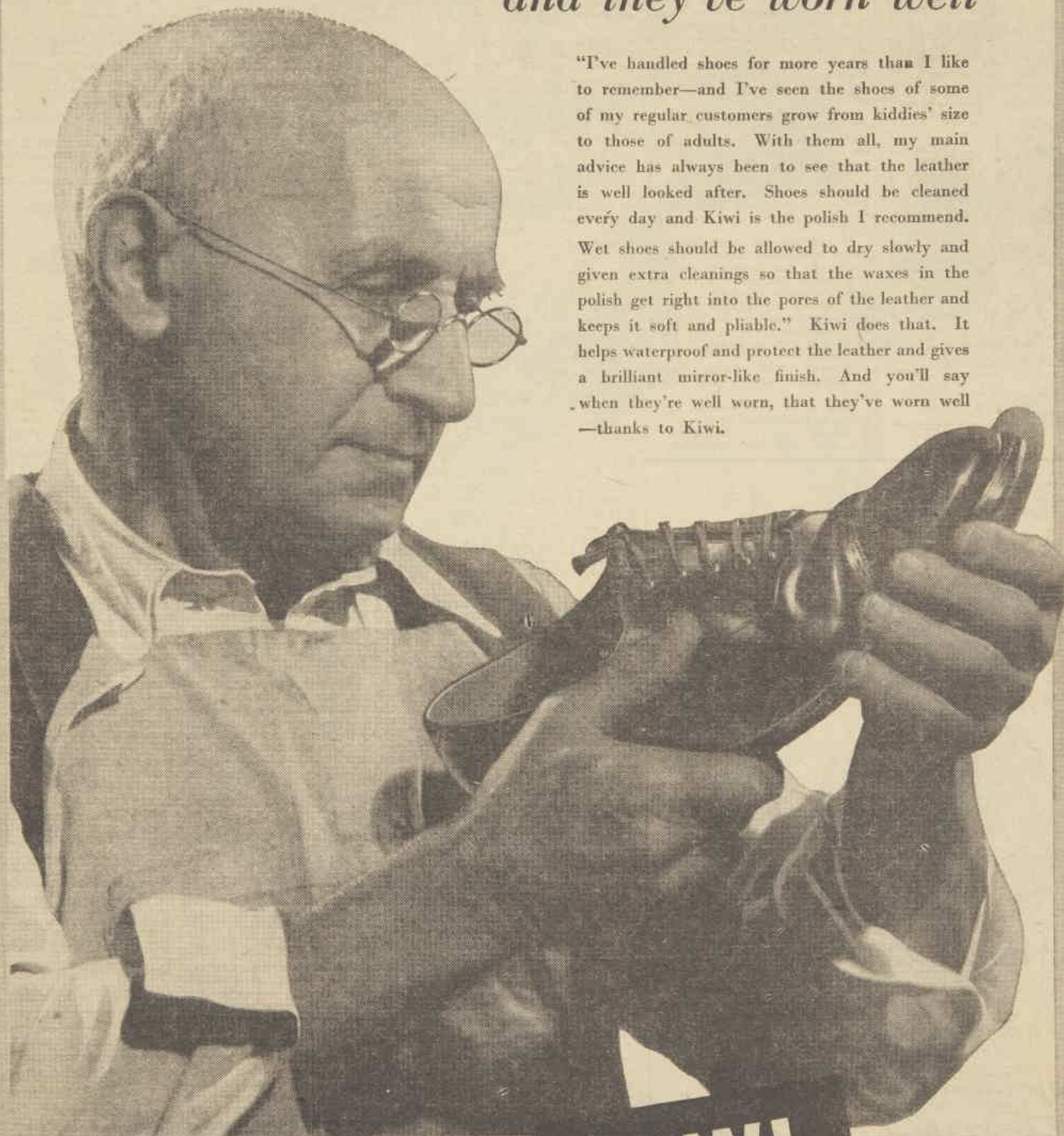


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G.57.37

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No Wind of Blame

Continued from page 26

Hugh grinned at the inspector. "Don't worry, I won't meddle. But all this earnest search leads me to suppose that new and startling evidence has cropped up. Moreover, you are holding in your hand, Inspector, something that bears all the appearance of a vice. From which I deduce that, contrary to expectations, the rifle found here was not fired by hand. Correct me if I'm wrong, my dear Watson."

Hemingway shook his head. "Yes, you're wasted at the Chancery Bar. I can see that," he said. "All the same—"

"Hold!" said Hugh. "These things being as they are, I am further led to suppose that you are about to lay bare evidence which will clear the fair name of the lady to whom I am shortly to be joined in holy matrimony. I contend that this gives me a right to be here."

"Oh, so that's been fixed up, has it?" said Hemingway. "Well, I'm sure I hope you'll be very happy, sir. I've been expecting to hear of it ever since I came to these parts."

"When you came here first I hadn't the slightest intention of getting married," said Hugh. "However, don't let me spoil your good story."

"I won't," said the inspector. "What you don't grasp, sir, is that if there is one thing I've got, it's intuition. Besides, it's been standing out a mile. But as for your having any right to be here, that's another matter. Still, I can see that Inspector Cook wants me to let you stay, so I suppose you'll have to."

"I never!" Cook exclaimed, taken by surprise. "Why, I never said a word."

"Well, if you don't want me to let him stay rather than have a couple of women and two dogs getting in the way, I've been mistaken in

you," said Hemingway. "What's more, he knows too much already."

"Hair-trigger," said Hugh. "You might call me your good angel. Hello, one of your henchmen has caught a fish."

The inspector turned, as Jupp came to the edge of the pool, holding an odd-looking object in his hand.

"Would this be what you're after, sir?"

The inspector took it. "Yes," he said. "Yes, it might be. At any rate, it didn't grow in the pool. Know anything about these things, sir?"

"About as much as the next man," Hugh replied. "I know it's an electro-magnet. I don't immediately see the connection between it and the rifle, though. Do you?"

Hemingway shook his head. "I'm bound to say I haven't figured it out. You know a bit about electrical gadgets, Wake. Could you fire a rifle with that?"

"No," replied the sergeant. "I don't see any sense to it. Even when you pass a current through it, it wouldn't have any effect on the rifle trigger. Couldn't have."

"Well, go on searching," said Hemingway, waving Jupp back to the pool. "Maybe you'll find something more. Though I've got a hunch this thing did the trick."

He stood for a few minutes, silently, and rather abstractedly, watching the two constables, while his sergeant frowned upon the electro-magnet.

"No," said Wake at last. "Look at it which way you will, you can't fit an electro-magnet into it. It wouldn't work, and that's all there is to it."

Hemingway lifted his head quickly. "Magnet!" he said. "It sounds like Eureka!" remarked Hugh.

"It is Eureka," said the inspector. "Now, don't you start asking me a whole lot of questions I can't possibly answer, sir. If I'm right, you'll know all in good time. All I want you to do now is to keep a still tongue in your head, which I'm sure you will do. All right, you two! That'll do!"

Twenty minutes later, in Fritton again, the inspector produced from a drawer in his desk the magnet he had found in the shrubbery at the Dower House, and bade Sergeant Wake tell him what effect on it an electro magnet would have.

"It would attract it, of course," Wake replied. "Soon as you switched the current on you mean, somehow or other it was fixed so that when it jumped to the electro-magnet, it caught the trigger!"

"Could that have been done? I never heard of such a thing!" Cook said blankly.

"What we want to go in for now is a bit of experiment," said Hemingway. "We'll rig the rifle up in the vice and see how it could be made to work."

By the time the rifle had been produced, and the vice clamped to the leg of a stout table, Hemingway had discovered an additional reason for the position of the grazes on the sapling.

"It had to be close to the ground," he said, "to get the trigger on the same level as the electro-magnet. Now, if the two arms of the horseshoe magnet had to point towards the electro-magnet, that must have been just behind the trigger, about like that. Come on, Wake! How would you manage to get the horseshoe magnet so that there's nothing to prevent its moving, and so that it's bound to pull that trigger as soon as it does move?"

"Well, it's got to rest on something. Couple of blocks of wood, perhaps."

"That's it," said Hemingway. "Easily kicked away when finished with. Books will be good enough for us. Hand me down a few!"

Kneeling on the floor he carefully built up his two little platforms, one on each side of the trigger-guard of the rifle, and close enough together to allow of the horseshoe magnet's arms resting one on each platform. The magnet he placed so that the round end was within the trigger guard, and in front of the trigger itself, and the magnetised ends pointing towards the electro-magnet placed under the stock of the rifle.

After several unsuccessful attempts, he sat back on his heels and eyed the rifle with dislike.

"It's no use—it won't cock!" he said. "It goes off the moment you close the bolt. Now, how did he work that trick?"

"The bent's been filed down so fine that the sear-nose won't catch," said Cook. "I've got a brother in the gun trade, and I've seen these things stripped. The bent was filed down to give it that light pull. He'd have had to load it with the trigger pulled back. Let me try, will you, Inspector? I've got an idea how to cock it."

"Go right ahead!" Hemingway said. "If you can close the bolt without the blooming thing going off, you're softer-handed than I am."

"You don't need to touch the bolt

whole aim and object of firing a gun by means of a contraption like that?"

"To provide yourself with a water-tight alibi," replied Wake.

"You're right. And what kind of an alibi had any of that Greystanes lot provided themselves with? Or Mr. Silent Steel? Or his High and Mightiness Prince Tiddly-Push? Or young Baker? Who had the only alibi that was so good no one but me thought of trying to bust it?"

"Yes, it does look like White," said Cook. "Don't think it's any pleasure to me to have to say the Dower House isn't wired!"

"It not only looks like White; it is White," said Hemingway. "It couldn't have been anyone else."

"No, but there's another point as well, though I dare say it doesn't mean so much," said Wake. "How did he get the rifle in the first place?"

"I don't know, but if you go and ask them up at Greystanes they'll

BUTCH



"But that's a cop shadowin' me, Mau. He'd be very embarrassed if we invited him in outa th' rain."

to cock the rifle," said Cook. "I'll lay my life White didn't. You want to get hold of the cocking-piece, behind the bolt—this thing—and pull it gently back like this, until the nose of the sear—that's the piece which the top end of the trigger acts on—the bit that holds the firing-block back—catches in the bent. It won't do more than just catch, and you don't want to jog the gun, because it only needs a touch to set it off."

Hemingway, who had been watching Cook suit his actions to his words, drew back as Cook cautiously released the cocking-pin.

"Jog it! I'm taking precious good care not to breathe on it. You got that fixed up yet, Wake?"

Wake who had been attaching one end of the flex to the electro-magnet, rose to his feet. "All set, sir. Shall I switch it on?"

"The sooner the better. The suspense is killing me," said Hemingway.

Wake moved across to the wall plug, and turned the switch on it. The horseshoe magnet shot forward, towards the electro-magnet, the closed end hitting the trigger, and so releasing the mainspring.

"Any that," said Hemingway, as the rifle clicked. "Is that, gentlemen?" Inspector Cook got up from the floor. "Yes, but there's something that's bothering me," he said. "They're not wired for electricity at the Dower House."

Hemingway looked at him in pardonable annoyance. "Are you sure of that?"

"Yes, I'm quite sure. They make their own electricity at Greystanes, but Mrs. Carter never had the Dower House wired. They use oil lamps."

"Well, that has torn it!" said Wake. "Surely to goodness they couldn't have run a flex to the electro-magnet all the way from Greystanes!"

"They couldn't have," Hemingway declared, "and what's more, they'd have defeated their own object, even if it had been possible. What's the

tell you anyone could have taken it?"

"Yes, that's what they say," persisted Wake. "But, come to think of it, it isn't quite as easy as that to walk off with a rifle under your arm. Supposing you ran into someone? Of course, as soon as you started on White, I got to thinking about him returning Mr. Carter's shotgun in a case of his own, but that's no use, because the rifle wouldn't go into a shotgun case."

Hemingway turned his head to look at the rifle, still held in the vice. "If I was to find that the fair Ermyntude was right all along, I don't know that I could bear it," he said. "Can you break a rifle?"

"What, like you do a shotgun?" said Cook. "No, they're made differently. You can't break any I've ever handled."

"Well, let's have a look at this one," said Hemingway. "Give it here, will you, Wake?"

Please turn to page 31

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F4720.—Here is the frock for wearing at important informal functions. Catch at waistline with gleaming pin for extra chic. Obtainable with either bracelet-length sleeves or short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds., 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F4721.—This frock features the long-torso line so fashionable in the States now. Here it is softly gathered at centre bodice. Pattern may be obtained with either three-quarter length or short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds., 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

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THE

No Wind of Blame

Continued from page 28

loosened the vice, and handed over the rifle. Hemingway inspected it. "I must say it doesn't look as though you could break it. What are these little eyeballs for?"

Cook peered over his shoulder. "They're only to fix a sling on to you, if you should want one, aren't they?"

"I can't say, but I believe in trying things out," replied Hemingway, laying the gun on his desk, and beginning to loosen the bolts.

He removed them in a moment or two, and then, with the air of a conjurer sure of his trick, quietly lifted the barrel out of the stock.

"As easy as falling off a gate," he said. "Now we know why he chose a Mänlicher-Schonaue instead of that classy-looking Rigby. I daresay that doesn't come apart, anything like as neatly, if at all. Measure that barrel, Wake—not that I doubt it could have got into the hambone case."

"Twenty-eight inches over all," Wake announced, closing his foot rule. "My word, the evidence is piling up, isn't it? But we still haven't got round the main difficulty, sir—though it looks to me as though we will, the way things are shaping."

Hemingway gave him the rifle to fit together again, and sat down at his desk. "Some kind of battery," he said. "Inside the study window, with a flex running from it to the electro-magnet."

"Could it? Without being noticed?" asked Wake.

"Yes, easy, it could," said Cook. "There's a flower-bed running along the wall of the house, and creepers on the house, too. You'd never see the wire. He could have laid it along the bed till he got to the corner of the house, and then taken it across the bit of path lying between the house and the top end of the shrubbery."

"He might have sprinkled a bit of gravel over it just there, though I shouldn't think it would have been necessary myself. Then, all he had to do, once he'd got rid of the vice, and the electro-magnet, was to run back to the house, coiling back the wire as he went."

Hemingway, who had not been paying much attention to this speech, suddenly said: "Didn't you tell me White had got something to do with a coalmine?"

"That's right," said Cook.

"I thought so. What's that thing called they use in mines when they want to blast? Electrical thing they touch off the dynamite with?"

"A shot-firer, do you mean?" asked Wake. "But they don't blast coal in mines, do they?"

"By gum, you've got it!" said Cook. "They do quite a bit of blasting here, because we're remarkably free from gas, as it happens! He could have got hold of one, too, without a bit of trouble, in his position."

"Don't they check up on those kinds of stores?" asked Wake.

"Yes, but don't you see? The murder was committed on a Sunday. White could have brought the shot-firer away with him on Saturday and returned it to the store on the Monday morning, and no one the wiser!"

"Would it work?" Hemingway demanded.

"Yes; work a fair treat. Ever

seen 'em use one? All you do is push the handle down smartly, and the next thing you know is that half the rock-face has fallen off."

The sergeant bent and picked up the horseshoe magnet. "Funny he left this lying about for us to find," he said. "I must say I can't understand him not slipping it in his pocket, so careful as he was about everything else."

"Yes, but it wouldn't have been lying like that," Cook pointed out. "You only turned the current off long enough after the recoil of the rifle. You've got to remember that White pushed down the handle of his shot-firer and then released it. The jar of the rifle's going off must have hurled the magnet away once there was no strong attraction to hold it in its position."

"It did," said Hemingway. "I found it under some leaves several feet from the sapling. White couldn't risk hanging about to hunt for it. I daresay he didn't even think it was so very necessary, either. Even if we did start hunting around it wouldn't convey much to us. I'm bound to say it didn't." He glanced at his watch. "Who has charge of shot-firers and the like? A storekeeper? Know who he is and where he lives?"

"I can find out for you in less than no time," said Cook.

"Thanks, if you'd do that and let Wake know. He can go off and put in a bit of work interviewing the fellow," said Hemingway. "Not but what we've got enough on White without that to justify my applying for a warrant to arrest him. Still, we must tie up every end if we can." Rather more than an hour later his sergeant returned to him in a mood of quiet triumph.

"We've tied the last end, sir," he announced. "They had one of the shot-firers repaired last week, and it came back from the repair shop last thing on Saturday morning, after the storekeeper had gone off duty. He told me Mr. White was the last off the premises and that he had put the shot-firer away somewhere in his office. Said he was sure of that, because White was a bit late on Monday morning and the shot-firer couldn't be found."

"And then White turned up and said it was in his office?"

"That's right, sir. Turned up with a bigish sort of attache case, went straight to his office, and brought the shot-firer out. I reckon that settles it. You ought to feel proud of the way you've handled this case, sir. I know I would be. Because at one time it really did seem as though there wasn't what you'd call a good reason for suspecting anybody."

The inspector was secretly gratified by this tribute, but he replied with a mournful shake of his head: "Yes, but there's always something to take the edge off for one. When I think about that silly widow sticking to it against all reason, it was White that killed her husband, and being proved right, it quite makes me lose heart. Why, she's probably telling her family how her instinct shows her it must have been White, right at this moment."

But, as it happened, Wally's murder was not just then paramount in Ermytrude's mind. Her daughter's engagement had cast everything else into the background. It was, she said, the most delightful surprise in her life, and made up for everything.

"I couldn't have wished for better," she told Mary. "Of course, I don't say I haven't thought of an Earl, but the Derings, they are County. What's more, he's very nice, Hugh is, and not a bit up-stage with me, like an Earl might be."

She surveyed Mary thoughtfully. "Panczy, though! I'd quite made up my mind it was you he was after! Well, I

must say, you could have knocked me down with a feather! It's to be hoped I don't get any more shocks to-day, for, really, the excitement of this has made me feel quite exhausted!"

She was to have yet another. Shortly after dinner Dr. Chester was announced, and came into the drawing-room looking rather grim.

"Well, and what little bird can have told you the news?" exclaimed Ermytrude. "If it isn't like you, Maurice, to be the first to come and congratulate. Well, I do think it's sweet of you!"

"Congratulations?" he repeated. "What news are you talking about?"

"But, Maurice! Vicky and Hugh!" Ermytrude said.

"His brows seemed to lighten. "Vicky and Hugh! No, really? Yes, of course I congratulate you both, most heartily!"

Hugh, who had stayed to dine at Greytanes, shook hands with him. "Thanks. But I think you've got some rather different news, haven't you?"

"You know, then?" Chester said.

"No. I've an inkling, though, since I encountered Inspector Hemingway this afternoon."

"They've arrested White," Chester said shortly. "Alan rang me up to come and attend to Janet, who was in hysterics. I came straight on here to let you know."

"I knew it!" Ermytrude said, fulfilling the inspector's prophecy. "All along I said it was that White, though not one of you would listen to me! A woman's instinct is never wrong!"

"Oh, how awful for Janet and Alan! Mary said. "Is there anything we can do?"

"Not at the moment. I've given Janet a sedative, and told Alan not to let her get agitated. I hope—"

"Told Alan!" Ermytrude exclaimed. "Yes, I see him keeping himself quiet, let alone anyone else! The idea of your leaving the poor girl with only Alan and that good-for-nothing maid of theirs! Well, I thought you'd have more sense, Maurice, I must say! Why didn't you bundle her into your car and bring her straight up here, and that silly, feckless brother of hers as well, for heaven knows what he mayn't do, left to himself!"

"Bring them here?" repeated Chester, for once in his life startled.

"Where else are they to go?" demanded Ermytrude. "It seems to me you men never think of anything! Why, there'll be reporters swarming all over the Dower House by to-morrow, if not before! Enough to drive Janet out of her mind, for she hasn't much sense at the best of times. Vicky, love, go and ring up Johnson and tell him to bring the big car round at once, will you?"

"But, Ermytrude, wait!" said Chester. "Are you quite sure you know what you're doing? The situation's rather difficult, isn't it? If White killed Wally—"

"Now don't stand there talking far-fetched nonsense to me, Maurice!" said Ermytrude. "I never yet found any difficulty in doing my duty as a Christian, and I hope I never shall! What's more, I'm a mother, and leave even a tiresome chattering girl like Janet alone at such a time I tell you plainly I couldn't do! Now, that's enough arguing! Mary, see to the bedrooms, won't you, dearie?"

"Yes, Aunt Ermy," said Mary, meekly following her into the hall.

ERMYTRUDE sailed upstairs to put on a wrap for the journey to the Dower House, but Mary was overtaken, with her hand already on the baluster rail, by Dr. Chester. He put his hand over hers and clasped it. "Mary, that engagement!"

She found herself unable to meet his eyes. "Yes, were you surprised? I was the only person who knew it was blowing up."

She made a movement to go on, but again he stopped her.

"Mary, look at me! I thought—I could have sworn—" He broke off, as though he did not know how to go on.

She did look up, but very fleetingly. "That it was going to be me?"

"Yes," he said bluntly.

"Well, so did I at one time. Not that I had any real reason to, and, as a matter of fact, it wouldn't have done at all. Hugh's a dear, but he's not my type and I'm not his."

His clasp on her hand tightened. "Mary, is that the truth? I thought—and he's so much nearer your age than I made sure—"

"Maurice," interrupted Mary, crimson-checked, "wasn't it Aunt Ermy with you—ever?"

Despite himself, he laughed outright. "Ermytrude! Good heavens, no! Abruptly he was serious again. "Mary, this isn't the moment to ask you, but could you possibly—in the slightest hope—"

"Oh, Maurice, I think I must always have—oh, here she is!"

"And a nice hot-water bottle in Janet's bed, Mary dear, don't forget!" said Ermytrude, coming downstairs again. "I always say there's nothing like a hot-water bottle for real comfort when you're in trouble."

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P.367.12



"Better go, Bill—he's going to give you an overtime parking ticket again!"

The Australian Women's Weekly — July 5, 1944

Page 33

CATARRH, BRONCHITIS

**Sinus and Antrum Infections,
Recurrent Colds**

**PROMPT RELIEF . . .
LONG-LASTING IMMUNITY**

People who have taken Lantigen 'B' report remarkable relief and say that they have benefited in all the following ways:—



1. The nose doesn't feel "stuffed-up" and the head is free from dull, nagging headaches.

2. Chest is relieved of tight, bronchial congestion.



3. Good sleep is possible again without coughing or choking.

4. Health is better in every way—with more vigour and energy.



5. Resistance to infection by the catarrhal and bronchial germs is increased and, as a result, the complaints are kept in check and the system immunised against them—sometimes for years.

Many people who have been so greatly helped by Lantigen 'B' have written enthusiastic letters describing the great benefits they have gained. Some of these letters (including the writers' full names and addresses) are printed here. Read them for yourself. They will convince you that relief from your own trouble is within your grasp.

Why Lantigen 'B' provides such striking benefits

Catarrh, Bronchitis, Bronchial Asthma, Sinus or Antrum Infections and recurrent Colds are caused by germs. Lantigen 'B' relieves these disorders because it is a dissolved oral vaccine specially prepared by skilled bacteriologists to combat the germ attack and to neutralise the germ poisons which cause the unpleasant symptoms.

It does this by stimulating in the system the creation of what are called "anti-bodies." These anti-bodies are nature's antidotes to the germ poisons. They bring prompt relief and build up the system's natural powers of resistance so that immunity against the Catarrh germs is created—often preventing further trouble for years. Prove the benefits you can gain from Lantigen 'B'. Read the wonderful personal letters printed here.

★ Judge for yourself these personal written testimonies . . .

In every British court of law personal testimony is the basis upon which justice is done. On the evidence given below by your fellow Australians, by New Zealanders and Canadians, you can judge how much Lantigen 'B' can benefit you.

29 Years with BRONCHIAL CATARRH, Now Well:

Miss B. Lane, of 12 Kable Street, Windsor, N.S.W., writes: "My mother has had Bronchial Catarrh for about 29 years, causing a continual scratching, tickling cough which, in turn, caused her eyes to run with tears. She couldn't lay on her back or on her right side without being nearly stifled with coughing, and she daren't go where there was any cigarette smoke. Five weeks ago she decided to try Lantigen 'B' and she hasn't coughed since, and this is no idle statement."

Canadian Relieved from BRONCHITIS:

"I am writing to let you know what Lantigen 'B' has done for me. First, I am able to go to bed and sleep the whole night through without waking around three o'clock stuffed up and getting no more rest the remainder of the night. It has been a God-send to me to learn of Lantigen 'B', and what it has done for me—it is worth its weight in gold—mine being very stubborn, severe attacks of Bronchial Asthma. I have just completed using one bottle." (Signed) Mrs. May Braithwaite, 366a Balliol Street, Toronto, Ont.

SINUS INFECTION Cleared:

Mr. J. A. Greig, of Eden, writes: "When I had the first X-ray done of my sinuses in 1939, the photo showed them dark and cloudy, and after the course I've taken of Lantigen I can now tell you that my sinuses are clear except for a slight thickening of the right antrum. This is marvellous and can no doubt be put down to the good work Lantigen has done."

Relief from BRONCHIAL ASTHMA for 79-year-old Man:

"I am writing to thank the makers of Lantigen 'B'. During one serious illness of Bronchial Asthma I was four months in bed. I really never thought I would be able to get about again. One day a friend of mine brought me a bottle of Lantigen 'B'. And after taking three-parts of this one bottle I felt greatly relieved. I can recommend it to anyone who suffers from Bronchitis or Catarrh. My age is 79 years." (Signed) Mr. A. Smith, 94 Alice St., Newtown, N.S.W.

Wonderful Benefit—CATARRH and SINUS:

"I feel I must write and tell you of the wonderful benefit I have received from Lantigen 'B' for Catarrh, Sinus, and Antrum Trouble. Treatment for many years failed to do me any good. I decided to try Lantigen 'B', and after several bottles can honestly say I feel a new woman. I have also recommended Lantigen 'B' to my son who suffers from Bronchitis, and he has also found it most beneficial. So trusting this may benefit many other sufferers such as myself." (Signed) Mrs. Dulcie Camage, Mort Street, Blacktown, N.S.W.

**Ask Your Chemist
for Lantigen 'B' and start
taking it to-day**

Just a few drops in water at bed-time. . . . No injections, no drugs. . . . guaranteed not to harm the heart.

Obtainable from Chemists only

Baby Relieved from BRONCHITIS:

"Before I heard of Lantigen 'B' I tried everything in the chemist's shop to ease my baby son of terrible attacks of Bronchitis, but to no avail. Night after night he would do nothing else but cough, used to go to sleep for about five minutes and then start coughing. This would go on until about three or three-thirty in the morning, and then he would dose off to sleep and sleep until about ten o'clock, but all day long he would be heavy in the eyes and cranky through lack of undisturbed rest. My son has had three bottles of Lantigen, and from the first week of giving it to him he has been a different boy, no wheeze, no cough, only good rest every night. I only hope that the mothers and fathers who have young or grown-up children who suffer from Bronchitis get to know just how really good your Lantigen 'B' is."—Mr. J. Kerr, Melville Terrace, Manly, Qld.

Cannot Speak Too Highly about Lantigen:

Mr. M. Nash, of 37 Philly Street, Enmore, N.S.W., writes: "I am writing to express my appreciation of the results of your wonderful product, Lantigen 'B'. I have only taken two bottles. I may state I have been bronchial for years. I can assure you I cannot speak too highly of it, what it has done for me. Before I took Lantigen 'B' I was always getting colds. After taking one bottle I have not had a cold for 18 months. I can strongly recommend Lantigen 'B' for anyone who has or gets Bronchitis, or any person who constantly gets colds."

Marvellous Treatment for CATARRH:

Mr. E. McKee, of Glenlee Station, N.Z., writes: "I must say it is a most marvellous treatment for Catarrh. After taking two and a half bottles I feel quite a new man altogether. Have lost all dull headaches and dull feelings, and take quite an interest in life again."

£1/1/- per bottle—the Recommended Treatment costs less than 3d. per day . . . Treats first—then Immunises

Lantigen 'B'

DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE

**FOR CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA,
SINUS AND ANTRUM INFECTIONS.
RECURRENT COLDS**

PRODUCT OF
EDINBURGH LABORATORIES, SYDNEY

Early history through a woman's eyes

Novel is diary of life and love in stirring colonial days

Mrs. Dorothy Catts, whose novel, "Cornerstone," has just been published by Shakespeare Head Press, says that her second choice for living would be her favorite period in Australian history—when Macquarie was Governor of New South Wales.

As she cannot do this she has done the next best thing and has written her book with the establishment of Sydney as the background, describing the stirring days when the colony was expanding rapidly and stressing the great importance of the Macquarie era.

"MACQUARIE'S time was a fruitful period, when the seed of our nationhood germinated," Mrs. Catts said in an interview.

When writing this book and her first novel, "Dawn to Destiny," Mrs. Catts used reminiscences of people who played a part in Australia's development.

The mother of four children, and six times a grandmother, Mrs. Catts is the envy of many of her friends because she has had domestic help for an unbroken period of 30 years.

This comparative freedom from domestic worry has given her time to concentrate on research and on writing.

"My best inspirations come in the early morning," she said. "I wake early and at once ideas flash into my mind."

"I often type late at night, too, when things are quiet and I can concentrate."

Mrs. Catts' home, "Kookaburra," is at Huntley's Point, one of the oldest parts of Sydney. She has a library full of historical books and first-hand documents which she draws upon for her work. For Mrs. Catts is most interested in the past history of Australia and in its bearing on present development.

When she was a girl she was self-conscious about her writing, and hid her early manuscripts so that no one else would read them... later,



"KOOKABURRA," the home at Huntley's Point, where author Dorothy Catts delves into Australian history for background to her novels.



MRS. DOROTHY M. CATTS, whose new book "Cornerstone" has just been published. (Photo: D. Welding.)

after her marriage, she had little time to write while caring for her family.

Then her husband, James H. Catts, founded "The Home Budget," which Mrs. Catts edited for 20 years.

"The Country Women's Association is one of my chief interests apart from writing," Mrs. Catts said, "and until recently I co-edited the association journal, 'Country-woman'."

"But now I am writing all the time."

"I enjoy every minute that I work."

I am primarily interested in the early days of our history and love to immerse myself in it.

"This nostalgia is really the creative source from which I drew 'Cornerstone'."

The title of the book is taken from a verse in the Bible: "The stone which the builders rejected the same is become the head of the corner."

"Cornerstone" symbolises the first colonists of N.S.W. rejected as citizens by their home land, who, by

hard work, faith, and determination, proved that Australia could have a great future.

The heroine, Mozzelle Fraser, comes to the colony as a young bride with her husband, David, travelling in the flagship Sirius with the First Fleet.

Timid of hardship after her gentle upbringing, she is flung into the hard life of the settlement.

The book is written in the form of a diary by Mozzelle, and gives her impressions of the discomfort, the desperate longing for the arrival of food ships, and the loneliness endured by the settlers.

She bears a son, Phillip, called after the Governor. Time slips by, and then David, the Marine Corps husband, dies suddenly. For a while Mozzelle is numbed. Then she realises life must go on for the sake of their son.

She marries storekeeper Reynor to obtain security for Phillip. She loses her social position, but manages to bring her son up in the way his father would have wished.

The historical background is unobtrusive but interesting. Governors follow one another, the Blue Mountains are crossed.

Mrs. Catts, dealing with her favorite period, gives fascinating details about the construction of the road over the Mountains.

The hostility aroused by Macquarie's emancipist policy is sketched in, and the inquiry into his administration is dealt with. The Governor reasoned that a convict who had paid the penalty for his offence should be freed.

The difficulties caused by this policy because of the opposition of settlers who had come here of their own will is woven into the story.

By this time young Phillip Fraser is approaching manhood. He is interested in reform and wants to be a journalist against the wishes of his store-keeping stepfather.

But the book is really the story of Mozzelle. She ends her journal in 1831. She has lived through critical days in the young colony; she has glimpsed its future.

She ends her diary with these words:—

"I see fine and upright people being reared here—people to whom this will always be their 'home-land,' this pleasant place, Australia."

IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

The woman is indeed fortunate who goes through life without being advised at some time to "forget" some man.

She knows the advice is practical, but she finds it hard to let her head rule her heart.

LIFE seems to be centred on the man she is told to forget. Without him the future appears hopeless and lacking in purpose.

This letter is typical of the feelings of girls and women who find themselves in such a position.

"HOW can people so blithely advise you to 'forget' someone who has become supremely important in your life? Can you ever forget anyone you have loved dearly, whose company has become as necessary to you as food and drink, and who has been the pivot of your whole existence?"

I don't think we ever really forget anyone we have loved dearly, but if the need is great enough we can make them become relatively unimportant.

I don't say that this is easy, but I do say it can be—and has been—done.

New interests and an active, busy life will help to achieve a different perspective, in which the late object of the affections is relegated to the background, until, at last, a day or a week goes by without your even thinking of him.

If normally you are a busy person, become an ultra-busy one. Drive yourself—if you have to. It's the only remedy.

"NOT so long ago I married for the second time. Now my daughter is to be married. Should the invitations be sent out in my name or in the name of my present husband and myself?"

The bride may like the invitation to read "Mr. and Mrs. — request the pleasure of the company of — at the marriage of their daughter" if she wishes to make a

gesture of respect and affection to her stepfather.

The alternative is, "Mr. and Mrs. — request the pleasure of the company of — at the marriage of Mrs. —'s daughter."

It is your daughter's privilege to choose whichever she prefers.

"BECAUSE my parents are elderly and can no longer look after their small place, I am giving up my job in a town to go home. I love the outdoor life and am perfectly happy about going back, except that it will mean leaving a young man I have been seeing regularly, and in future seeing him only about once a month. Do you think he will lose interest in me? He is very generous and popular."

You must not be afraid to make the test of absence. If this young man is not sufficiently fond of you to remain loyal, it is better to discover this now than later. Your action in going back happily to look after your people shows you have a fine and dutiful character, and if your present young man fails to appreciate you for your true worth, someone else is sure to come along who will do so.

"I THOUGHT I had always been a loving mother to my only child, a daughter, now 18. I realise at last that I have spoiled her by always giving in to her. When she cannot have her own way she is bad-tempered. I have stopped her pocket money, and I have tried reasoning with her as a friend and not a mother. On one occasion I forbade her to leave the house, but she only laughed and went. My husband and a friend both think that spanking is the only cure."

I think you have left it too late to spank your daughter with any good result. I don't agree that corporal punishment can be used with any good result on a girl of your daughter's age.

As a mother, your strength lies in talking to her as a mother, not as a friend, but you must be determined and strong-minded. You must not be too discouraged if your new policy is not immediately helpful. And you must accept some of the blame yourself. It is much easier to spoil a child, as a general rule, than to be firm with it.

"THE other night I had only one guest—a man friend—for dinner. He stayed until about eleven, drinking coffee, smoking, and talking. When he left my landlady knocked on the door and said that she objected to single girls entertaining men in her house. Yet I have often had two or three people, and she has made no complaint."

Naturally you resented the implications of your landlady. Although

When writing for advice on your problem

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen friendships will not be arranged through this column.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, to address at top of page 9.

She will deal with letters only, and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

having a man to dinner was perfectly innocent in your case, there is no doubt that girls who entertain men in their rooms can give an apartment building a bad name. It is in many ways greatly to your benefit to live in a building where the rules are strict.

"ALTHOUGH I am 18, I have never been kissed. Recently a boy of the same age asked me to kiss him good-night. I refused and he said he understood. We have been friendly for over a year, but have only recently begun going out by ourselves and not in a group."

As your instinct was not to kiss this young man, you should be guided by that. The bestowal of kisses is a highly personal matter, depending wholly on your own fastidiousness. When the time comes to exchange kisses, you will find them a warm and spontaneous expression of affection, so don't cheapen your kisses.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

The Australian Women's Weekly — July 5, 1947

Now on sale every month — Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine, 1/- — Complete stories by world's foremost thriller writers

Page 33

Meet Bowen triplets—Faith, Hope, and Charity



EIGHT MONTHS OLD. Faith, Hope, and Charity wore colors to distinguish them. Clothes of Charity (right) were marked with green, Hope's (centre) with pink, Faith's were unmarked.



SEVEN-AND-A-HALF. Trio were in same class at school, dressed identically, liked to share their sweets and toys.



TWENTY-ONE. Charity and Hope work together in a knitting mill. Faith looks after things at home. In this picture they are with their brother George, who died last September.



THREE-AND-A-HALF. Triplets were happy playmates, followed one another everywhere, afraid of being separated.

Sisters could not bear being parted even when children

Tasmania's well-known triplets, forty-one-year-old Faith, Hope, and Charity Bowen, like to stick together but partings never bother them. They claim they are always in touch with one another through a bond of mental telepathy.

Says Faith Bowen, whose domestic work separates her during the day from her sisters: "I always sense if there is anything wrong with Hope or Charity, and I hurry home immediately to see what I can do."

ONE day last September we both dressed very quietly when we went to work, because although our brother George was supposed to be improving in health we had a feeling he would have a relapse, and would be called to the hospital," said Hope and Charity. Their premonition was unfortunately true, as their brother died during the day.

Occasionally, two of the sisters have the same dream on the same night, and more than once two have

told the same story to people in different rooms at the same time.

But they do not think there is anything unusual about this.

"It's just because we're so close to each other," said Faith.

Hope and Charity, who work together in a knitting mill, maintain their affinity is so close that recently when a doctor ordered glasses for Hope he also found it necessary to prescribe them for Charity.

Now the trio wear glasses and are identical in appearance except that Faith is slightly shorter and plumper than her sisters and wears

her hair parted in the middle, while Hope and Charity part theirs on the side.

The pleasure the triplets find in each other's company dates back to their toddler days, when they always played together happily.

When one of the children was smacked for naughtiness, the three would immediately sit down and cry.

The triplets were the youngest of a family of ten children. They agree that it was their devotion to their mother which kept their minds off matrimony during their youth.

"We loved and were so proud of our mother that we felt we never wanted to leave her," they explained.

Their mother died six years ago. Now, the sisters smilingly dismiss the idea of romance, with the remark that a prospective husband for one would have to be able to afford to keep three.

For their birthday each one buys three identical presents and keeps one for herself.

"But we never tell each other whom we vote for at election time," said Charity.

"We don't even ask each other that question, because we think everyone should have their own opinion about politics."



THIRTY-EIGHT. Hope (left), Faith (centre), and Charity. Sisters' names for each other are Sarah (Faith), Louisa (Hope), and Grace (Charity).



FORTY-ONE. On recent holiday in Melbourne, Hope, Faith, and Charity enjoy themselves at Bing Crosby Club. They knit same patterns, read same books.

WHO starts your FIGHTS?

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.

LOVE cannot survive in a home torn by quarrels. Yet, as director of the Marriage Counselling Service of Pennsylvania State College, U.S.A., I am increasingly dismayed at the apparent willingness of young couples to allow continual bickering to wreck their marriages.

When a man and a woman marry, they dedicate their lives to the happiness of each other. Theoretically, marriage is the most sublime relationship any two human beings can enjoy.

Sometimes, however, when I talk to couples who come to me for advice, I have great trouble in remembering this.

Couples who live in this quarrelsome state become ill at ease and on guard when in each other's presence.

They start thinking more and more along self-centred lines, and they tend to draw within themselves.

Usually there is a basic unsolved problem behind every domestic battle.

Here are seven of the major sources of trouble, with the verbal comments about them that often touch off the explosions:

1. "What those kids need is a good thrashing."

Husbands usually have sterner, more forthright ideas regarding the discipline of children, and when the kids misbehave, Father tends to blame it on the wife's "spoiling" them.

2. "Aren't you ever going to get a rise?"

Any comments or attitudes of the wife that make the husband feel inadequate make him want to strike back. The thought is intolerable.

3. "When do you think your mother plans to leave, if ever?"

In-laws in the same house, in the majority of cases, cause tension between the husband and wife.

4. "Stay out of my living-room with your dirty shoes."

Understandably, husbands hate to be scolded as if they were children. Yet that is what happens when women become too possessive.

5. "Maybe if you didn't run around so much the house wouldn't be in such a mess."

Husbands resent a wife's outside activities when at the same time she neglects the house. However, if she does her job she won't hear any complaints, unless perhaps he feels also that she is neglecting him.

6. "You always make more of a fuss over other women than you do over me."

Women are particularly prone to jealousy because they are more apt to have feelings of inferiority. Also, they are tied down to the house, whereas, they imagine, the husband

is flitting around his business world surrounded by women.

7. "And what is that hat supposed to do for you?"

A wife spends a good deal of her time thinking about her looks and her clothes, so she is hurt more than a husband knows by any signs that he lacks appreciation of her or thinks she is anything less than gorgeous.

In many cases the couple married after a short courtship, only to find they have little in common with each

other. Their moods and personality traits are in sharp conflict.

One may be restless and extroverted, which means he'll want to run around a lot, while the other may be an introverted homebody.

Most family quarrels start when one of the mates, at least, is already fagged out, irritable, or tense.

When the husband comes home from work after receiving a bawling out from his boss, his unsuspecting little woman almost gets her head snapped off when she reminds him that the garage is a mess and must be cleaned out.

Probably the hour of the day more torn by caustic comments than any other occurs between 10 and 11 at night, or bedtime.

The nervous energy of both partners has run low. Perhaps the husband has dozed off over the paper. The wife shakes him and reminds him it is time to go to bed.

He pulls himself up and starts groping toward the bedroom, wishing he was already in his pyjamas.

Then the instructions start coming: "Shut the garage doors . . .

Early morning quarrel. The husband flares up because breakfast is late.

Put the dog out . . . Lock up."

And so the shouting starts. The early morning has its pitfalls also. Hurrying to get to work, the husband flares up over a late breakfast or last-minute shopping instructions.

Quarrelling, of course, is a senseless procedure. It never proves anything, except that the contestants are a bit infantile despite their grown-up pretensions.

The regular quarreller is like the drunkard. Both know that the hang-over will be terrible and that the partner will think less of them afterward, but still they get drunk, or quarrel, simply because the process gives them momentary relief from their tensions.

In well-ordered homes—and there are still millions of these, I'm glad to say—the man and wife have usually learned how to give in gracefully on little issues and how to compromise the big ones.

And the wise mates try to solve their problems in such a way that both save face by receiving something they want.

They read our paper twice over

One of the things in which The Australian Women's Weekly takes great pride is its typographical accuracy. Much of the credit is due to its team of proof readers.

THE Australian Women's Weekly has a staff of 12 readers, four of whom—Messrs. J. H. ("Bob") Burns (head reader), Sidney Harvey, Joe Flood, and Alf Turnbull—have been with the paper almost from the beginning.

For the past 14 years these foundation members have played a valuable role on the paper.

The present high standard of typographical accuracy is due in no small measure to their painstaking efforts in ensuring that errors which might occur in the varied processes of production do not find their way into print.

Other members of our readers' team who work alongside our foundation members to-day are Fred Punch, Stuart Kilgour, Henry Cust, Edward Croft, George Brogan, Bill O'Brien, and Neil Booth.

The team of proof readers is used to lay friends puzzling over exactly what a reader is and what he does.

Alf Turnbull always counters this one with the story of the proprietor of a Western Australian paper who introduced a reader of his staff to a few cronies at the bowling club.

"What's a reader?" queried one of the cronies.

The proprietor was stumped, then his face lit with inspiration.

"He's the man who lets mistakes

get into print," he glowed, while the reader shuddered.

"It was a pretty tough definition of chaps who spend their lives keeping mistakes out of print," said Alf.

"We live in continual dread of typographical 'boners' such as these two slipping by us:

"The oily Mr. Jones," instead of "the ONLY Mr. Jones," or this one which actually occurred in a New Zealand paper for which I worked. "Mr. Venizelos (Greek statesman of last war) emphasised his point by banging his fish on the table (first on the table)."

"The soldiers stood like craven images!" is another example of what typographical errors may do.

The boys confess: "The error bug has such a hold on us we even find ourselves subconsciously looking for mistakes in billboards and tram posters on the way home."

Many's the time they've had to restrain themselves from leaping up from their seats and pencilling in an apostrophe on some tram or train advertisement.

Every word in The Australian Women's Weekly, from cover to cover, is read, checked, and rechecked from original copy at least twice by the readers—a prodigious amount of work.

An article that is altered by the editorial staff, reset by the composing staff, altered and reset again, may be read a dozen times by the reader and his assistant.

This paper has thrown its proof readers into a strange new world of cookery, fashion, knitting, and beauty terms.

Such has been their remarkable mastery of the vocabulary, however, that our respective staff experts in these fields now have to look to their laurels.



FOUNDATION MEMBERS of our Reading Room staff, who have been associated with this paper for 14 years. Left to right: Messrs. Joe Flood, "Bob" Burns, Alf Turnbull, and Sidney Harvey.

The Australian Women's Weekly — July 5, 1947

QUARREL QUIZ

If you occasionally have unpleasanties in your home this test may establish once and for all your innocence of responsibility. Or will it?

The letters W H N after each question stand for wife, husband, and neither. Check the letter that comes closest to answering the question correctly. Then you can corroborate your answers by asking your partner to answer the same questions, but don't let this test start a fight! You'll find your rating at bottom of page.

W H N	W H N
Who is more likely to keep his (or her) eyes on the other at a mixed party?	Who is more likely to be a grouch on a muggy or rainy day?
Who has the more headaches, indigestion, or insomnia?	Whose parents are on ill terms, separated, or divorced? If one is less happy in life, clearly, than the other, which one is it?
Who usually is the last to make up after a quarrel?	Who dodges returning to the store purchases that are unsatisfactory?
Who is trying to reform whom?	Who does not handle the financial books at your house? Who can never keep within his (or her) personal allowance?
Who feels fagged out the more?	
Who stands on his rights the more and finds it harder to back down?	

COUNT the checks in each column. If one partner's score exceeds the other's by 3 or more checks, then the one with the more checks is quite likely the leading troublemaker, especially if his (or her) total number of checks is 6 or more. The ideal, of course, is to have most of the questions answered with N.

Weather forecast: Good day for a murder! Read Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine

9 complete super thrillers for 1/-



FEMININE SCRAP such as this one between Joan Rees and Joan Greenwood in the John Corfield production "The Milk White Unicorn" provides big task for sound-effects department in supplying natural sounds for the scene.

Sound effects change star's voice

Realism has some lively results in filming

By cable from our correspondent in Hollywood

Use of recorded noise to achieve sound effects is as old as the talking pictures; but seldom has a more amusing effect been conceived than by Warner Brothers in "Never Say Good-bye."

Errol Flynn is called on to act as a tough guy to terrify a rival. He goes out of the room, comes back with a scar on his face, wearing belted raincoat, cigarette dangling from his mouth. He says a few words in Humphrey Bogart's voice instead of his own.

At a screening in a small theatre here, not one American fan missed the joke.

In every Hollywood film studio there is a closely guarded sound-effects library, where urgent requests come in daily for everything from the squeals of a guinea-pig to the blowing up of a battleship.

Recordings have been made on film of more than 100,000 different noises required by scripts since sound became a permanent part of the screen 20 years ago.

Supplying the natural sounds heard in motion pictures is one of the most painstaking tasks in the production of films, for it is just as important to have absolute accuracy in the popping of a champagne cork and the tread of footsteps on a carpeted stairway as in the spoken dialogue.

THE man who played Sexton Blake in so many British thrillers before the war, David Farrar, has had to go to Scotland Yard to have his fingerprints taken.

Burglars visited him the other evening, and helped themselves to several of his Savile Row suits, some choice vintages from his cellar, and samples of his brandy.

Now a romantic idol in "Black Narcissus" and "Frieda," David Farrar has gone rusty on crime detection, but he still had to have his own fingerprints sorted out from those of the thieves.

UNDETERRED by the fact that she cannot speak a word of English, producer Michael Powell has enrolled lovely ballerina Ludmilla Techerina for a big part in his technicolor film about the ballet, "Red Shoes."

The film will be made in Monte Carlo and Paris, and beautiful, raven-haired Ludmilla has been put to work learning English parrot fashion. There isn't much time before production starts, and they say she repeats her lines delightfully, even if she hasn't the faintest idea what they mean.

MARGARET LOCKWOOD may have a talk with Mary Pickford when she follows her friend Phyllis Calvert to Hollywood shortly. Mary Pickford is one of the two Hollywood producers bidding for Margaret's screen services, and wants to star her in her next production.



TRICK DUBBING of sound is used by Warners in Errol Flynn's next film, "Never Say Good-bye." Humphrey Bogart's voice is substituted for Flynn's in a brief scene where the actor pretends to be tough.

bucket of water from a lorry on to the head of Rudy Vallee.

The bucket slipped out of Rosemary's hands and crashed on to Rudy's cranium, and though it spoiled that particular scene it provided a brand-new entry for the sound man's biffs and bangs department, which is the classification for fight noises.

Separate files are kept of the sounds of each of the big cities, for studios know how many fans are waiting to pick up a mistake.

Boston is a city of squeaks from automobile brakes rounding sharp turns. Detroit is full of mechanical sounds, and Chicago is noteworthy because the police whistles there are different from those used in other American cities.

Cricket trouble

TO keep abreast of the times, sound-effects libraries must undergo constant change. A film producer can't stop a Ford car with the noise made by a Chevrolet's brakes without getting dozens of letters pointing out the mistake. The same thing happens if somebody in a picture blows the horn of a 1940 Chrysler and the toot is that of a 1939 Dodge.

The design and noise of ocean-going liners and their whistles are constantly being brought up to date. Even the Bronx cheer is given new trimmings from year to year.

When sound pictures were in the experimental stages, studios learnt the difficulty of trying to use real sound effects.

To give more realism to a rustic short starring John Charles Thomas, a studio decided to have some crickets in the background.

They went into the country, caught about a dozen, and turned them loose on the studio set. The plan worked beautifully, except that for the next few weeks every short made at the studio had the chirping of crickets in it.

To-day the studios have a complete assortment of cricket noises recorded in the fields by sound crews, and it is no longer necessary to bring insects on to the set.

But the aim of sound effects on the screen is strictly to achieve realism and accuracy, and very rarely are they employed to deceive, except in cartoon comedies.

Dubbing of English-speaking films with French dialogue is a common practice, although much of the entertainment value is lost when a voice like Laurence Olivier's is replaced by a metallic one speaking rapid French.

But the French found three Hollywood stars whose voices it was impossible to dub — Donald Duck, and Olsen and Johnson in their film, "Hellzapoppin'."

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 158-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

Mermaid leading lady in new British film

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

AN epidemic of mermaids as the central characters in London plays at the moment is threatening to spread to the British film world as well.

Two plays now showing feature luscious mermaids as leading ladies, and a third is due to arrive from America, which has encouraged producer Sydney Box to adapt one of them as a film.

It is called "Miranda," and requires Glynnis Johns to don a scaly tail, rise from the sea, and make eyes at several men, including Australian John McCallum, who co-stars in the film.

John scored a success this week with his role opposite Google Withers in "The Loves of Joanna Godden," and is going from strength to strength. He has already been

cast for his fifth picture, which will be ready to shoot immediately his screen adventures with the mermaid are completed.

NEW heart throb Maxwell Reed is toughening up for his next rough and tumble role after "The Brothers" by visiting the boxers' booths on Hampstead Heath and mixing it with the pugilists in a West End gymnasium. He is also receiving sunray treatment, in spite of the fact that the temperature outside registers a very humid 90 degrees.

Film Reviews

★★ BOOMERANG

THIS Fox drama, the third production by Louis de Rochemont, is a pleasant change from the usual murder mystery. For one thing it was filmed, not in Hollywood but on location in Connecticut. Plot is based on a true story, and there is a ring of authenticity about the whole production.

Story opens late one night in 1924, with an inexplicable crime committed in the main street of a typical American town. Kindly priest Father Lambert is found murdered under a street lamp, and eye witnesses give a description of the murderer.

An arrest is made, but Dana Andrews, as the young State Attorney, does not believe in the guilt of the suspect. He risks his entire political career to establish the innocence of the man.

Andrews gives a convincing performance in his role, and Jane Wyatt is charming as his wife Lee J. Cobb as the chief detective and Arthur Kennedy as the suspect also shine.—Plaza; showing.

★★ GREEN FOR DANGER

DIRECTOR-PRODUCER team Gilliat and Lauder have done a good job with this hospital thriller, in which well-known stage actress Megs Jenkins plays a small part. There is a fine sparkle about the whole thing.

Story takes place in an emergency wartime hospital, where the operating theatre is the scene of two incomprehensible murders. Present

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

during the investigation are nurses Sally Gray, Rosamund John, and Megs Jenkins; and surgeons Leo Genn and Trevor Howard.

Plot moves well and sustains interest in the characters, who give good support. But the picture's star is without doubt lovable Alastair Sim, the unconventional Scotland Yard detective, with his superb feeling for what is essentially comic and absurd in a man's dignity.—Empire; showing.

★ PLAINSMAN AND THE LADY

REPUBLIC have manufactured a passable Western of the dangerous 1850's in this film, with William Elliott, veteran of the cowboy dramas, getting the better of the scheming stageline owner in the end.

Story moves quickly, and Vera Ralston is pleasing in her role as the society belle who is Elliott's chief heart interest. A few timeworn runs are used by the "baddies" before their final overthrow. The old one of having their gunmen masquerade as redskins in order to shoot the hero says little for their ingenuity.—Capitol; showing.



FAVORITE with actors on the set of MGM's "Green Dolphin Street" is Pickles, small dog belonging to character actress Gladys Cooper. Here Donna Reed and Richard Hart admire Pickles between scenes of the film.

Technicolor Adventure

BASED on the seven voyages of Sinbad in "The Arabian Nights," RKO's technicolor film, "Sinbad," starring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., deals with an eighth voyage in which he searches for Alexander's treasure.

In an Eastern setting of the year 800 A.D., Fairbanks returns to the screen in his first adventure role since his demobilisation from the U.S. Navy after five years' active service.

Starring opposite Fairbanks is beautiful Irish star Maureen O'Hara, who plays the part of a palace beauty. Jewellery and lavish costumes worn by Miss O'Hara and other members of the cast were valued at 25,000 dollars.

Rivals for the hidden treasure, as well as the love of the Princess, are the Emir of Daibul (Anthony Quinn) and the magician Melik (Walter Slezak).

Others in the cast include George Tobias, Jane Greer, and Mike Mazurki.



● **SCHEMING** magician Melik (Walter Slezak) uses sorcery to help him outwit rival Sinbad (Douglas Fairbanks) in their search for the Island of Dergabar, where Alexander's fabulous treasure is believed to be hidden.



● **TREASURE HUNT** begins in earnest when Sinbad, Melik, and the crafty Emir of Daibul (Anthony Quinn) arrive at the palace of the Aga of Dergabar in the heart of the strange island.

(3)

● **PRINCESS SHIREEN** (Maureen O'Hara), Queen of the palace harem, intrigues Sinbad with her veiled beauty. Believing him to be Prince Ahmed, son of the Aga of Dergabar, she aids him. He determines on daring plan of carrying her off to his ship to help him find the treasure.

● **ADVENTUROUS** Sinbad (Douglas Fairbanks) defeats his enemies at the Emir's palace by his deeds of valor. Final triumph is the winning of the beautiful Princess Shireen.



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LUX
LOOK!



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far longer with gentle Lux care!**

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Smart women in step with every bright occasion, bring back those lovely high lights with Napro Blonding Emulsion. Not a harsh bleach.

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AT CHEMISTS, SALONS AND STORES



1 EXCITEMENT reigns in the Boray household in New York tenement when Esther (Ruth Nelson) and Rudy (J. Carrol Naish) give son Paul (Bobby Blake) a violin for his birthday. It is a present they can ill afford.



2 GROWN UP and attending music school, Paul (Garfield) tells Gina (Joan Chandler) of his hopes of being a great violinist.

Humoresque

VISITING American violinist Isaac Stern, who arrives in Australia this month for a concert season, was engaged by Warner Bros. to play the solo violin music in the film "Humoresque" before he left America.

Mr. Stern dubbed for actor John Garfield, who plays the part of concert violinist Paul Boray in the screen adaptation of Fannie Hurst's novel.

Solos recorded for the film soundtrack by Mr. Stern include Dvorak's "Humoresque," from which the film takes its name, "Flight of the Bumble Bee" (Rimsky-Korsakoff), and selections from Bizet's "Carmen" and Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde."



4 RETURNING HOME, Paul confides to pianist Sid (Oscar Levant) what a lot it means that Helen is interested in his career. Sid is cynical, tells him Helen is dipsomaniac and will never change.



6 MEETING between Helen and Paul's mother, Esther, is not happy. Although realising Helen has helped son reach his rightful place in musical world, Esther feels Helen is ruining his life.



7 PRAISE IS SHOWERED on Paul after his debut as soloist with the New York Symphony Orchestra, but it does not move him. He is only aware of the fact that Helen was not at the concert.

3 FIRST CHANCE comes for Paul at party given by wealthy Helen (Joan Crawford), who is unhappily married. She encourages him to play for guests.



5 INFATUATED with Helen, Paul asks her to marry him after husband has offered her a divorce. She is doubtful, fearing she may not be good for him.



8 SUICIDE of Helen leaves Paul numb and broken. He decides to leave luxury home for family dwelling on East Side, where his rise to fame began.

SECOND WEDDING...

● Many young widows write asking for advice on what they can wear for their second weddings. Most of them were young war brides, who after several years of widowhood are marrying again. They have a natural wish to look as glamorous as possible, but are diffident about choice of wedding finery.

I feel they are entitled to all the glamor the occasion deserves. The only thing generally regarded as inappropriate is the wearing of white. Here I am suggesting types of clothes I think ideally suited for a second wedding.—RENE.



● Banana-colored crepe for this lovely dress, with softly draped neckline, three-quarter pushed-up sleeves, drapery round hips and hanging in two panels at front. Suitable for bridesmaid or matron of honor for an afternoon wedding.



● For a bride being married in the afternoon, here is a perfect dress (right) in finest soft dusty-blue wool crepe, very simple, very tailored, and dramatised by a swathe of matching satin draped from one side of the low V-neckline and caught in a knot from the hip drape with long sash ends.



● For a bridesmaid, this picture dress in embossed faille done in a color complementary to the bride's frock. It has wide cape sleeves, skirt very full with a spiral tier caught at the waist with a velvet sash and flowers.

● For a wedding at night the bride can wear the most glamorous gown so long as it is not white. The one illustrated (left) is in the newest colors, mauve and cyclamen-pink—the skirt very full and flowing, the top cleverly and beautifully draped combining the two colors. She wears a swathed turban of the dress material with a cluster of flowers and a wisp of veil.



ACTUAL STATEMENT BY

Alexis Smith

Warner Brothers star
in "RHAPSODY IN BLUE"

MY BEAUTY FACIALS
WITH LUX TOILET SOAP
REALLY MAKE SKIN
LOVELIER...

Try Hollywood's own complexion care—active lather facials with pure white Lux Toilet Soap. Pat the rich, creamy lather gently into your skin. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold and pat with soft towel to dry. Your skin will feel softer, smoother. Take a daily beauty bath with Lux Toilet Soap, too, and see your skin grow lovelier all over.



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MEN'S & BOYS' WEAR

★ ★ BREKS TROUSERS & SOVEREIGN HATS
are also TOP DOG PRODUCTS

Beauty care for the tiny baby



SIX-MONTHS-OLD John Hungerford, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Hungerford, of Parramatta, N.S.W., glows with health, and is therefore a beautiful child.

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

● Every baby cannot have the perfect features which will make it beautiful or handsome in later life.

BUT every baby should possess a general air of vitality, its skin should be soft and glowing, its eyes bright and clear, jaws and chin well shaped, and its hair silky and glossy.

By observing the laws of nutrition you can make sure your baby will have all these characteristics.

For this baby beauty culture you must not wait until after your babe is born, as pre-natal influences are of vital importance.

It is how you live, what you eat and drink, what rules of healthy living you observe in the period before your baby is born that are decisive factors in its nutrition.

The post-natal care of yourself and baby must also be carefully considered in this connection.

Natural feeding will develop good jaws and chin, and ensure strong, well-spaced teeth.

Baby's skin will need special care, as its delicate texture cannot be treated like the tougher skin of an adult.

Strong soaps and coarse talc powder should not be used, and irritating materials such as flannel or woollen garments should not be worn next to the skin.

Eye care

THE eyes need special attention during the first weeks of life, when there are no tears, and they must always be protected from a strong glare.

Neglect to wash the head properly and massage the scalp can encourage dandruff, which will destroy the glossy beauty of the hair.

A leaflet giving some hints on beauty culture for your babe can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, and a copy will be forwarded if a request and a stamped addressed envelope are sent to the above address.

Anti-chilblain drill

By MEDICO

"I SUFFER so terribly with chilblains every winter, doctor," said Mrs. Hulme. "How can I relieve them?"

"Bad circulation is usually responsible for chilblains," I told her.

"Perhaps you have a vitamin deficiency—I know you get plenty of exercise." (We exchanged a smile. Mrs. Hulme has a lively family of four, all under ten.)

"Oh, I eat plenty of fruit and vegetables, and meat and eggs, and cheese and milk, breakfast porridge and wheatmeal bread," she assured me.

"Well," I said, "during the war chilblains were very prevalent among servicemen, and an ointment was used which had good results. Some medical officers stated that it was the best preventive treatment they had ever used. This is the formula: Phenol, 1 part; camphor, 6 parts; balsam of Peru, 2 parts; soft paraffin, 25 parts; hard paraffin, 7 parts; lanolin to 100 parts."

With this ointment, do your chilblain drill night and morning.

- 1.—Wash the affected part in comfortably warm water.
- 2.—Dry thoroughly with a warm towel by dabbing rather than rubbing so as to avoid breaking the skin.

3.—Apply the ointment for ten minutes; gently but firmly massaging it into the tissues.

4.—Wipe off the ointment, using a piece of soft, clean cloth.

5.—Drink a pint of milk every day.

"Is there anything else I can do to prevent chilblains?" asked Mrs. Hulme.

"Avoid tight shoes which interfere with the circulation. Avoid sudden warming, such as toes or fingers held close to the fire.

"Encourage circulation by knitting with the fingers, or wriggling the toes."

[All names in this article are fictitious.]

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY KNITTING BOOK FOR 1947

● This beautifully illustrated 64-page book of knitwear for children and adults will be appreciated by expert knitters and beginners.

Designs, selected with the utmost forethought, include cardigans, sweaters, dresses, hats, bedjackets, gloves. There are any number of delightful woolies for children.

The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book is obtainable from any newsagent or from our offices for 1/6, post free. Get your copy now!



YOUNG beauty Pamela Rae Potts, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rae Potts, of Woolgoolga, North Coast, N.S.W., faces the camera without a quailm.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says:

IF you work a piece of thread, saw-fashion, through a newly baked cake it will cut easily.

WHY not re-knit some of your old wool? To remove the kinks, wind into a loose skein, drop into lukewarm water for a couple of minutes, then hang to dry.

BANISH nicotine stains from your fingers by rubbing them with a piece of cut lemon. If very bad, moisten a piece of cotton-wool with peroxide and rub until stain disappears.

HAVE you ever cleaned spots and grease marks on the children's serge uniforms with salt that has been heated in the oven?

COOK vegetables in as little water as possible, and start the cooking in boiling water. Boil quickly until tender-crisp. Speedy cooking saves vitamins.

HERE'S a tip: Don't let your milk stand out in the morning sun. It robs it of vitamins C and G. Leave a box for the milkman to put the jug or bottles in.

IF you soak new potatoes in salted water you will find them much easier to scrape.

DAMP salt applied to mildew on black silk will remove it quickly and thoroughly. Just rub the salt in well and leave for some time before brushing out.

A CRACKED egg can be boiled if it is wrapped in grease-proof paper, tied with a piece of string, and plunged into boiling water.



PETUNIA TIME seems far away in July, but you can plan to brighten up your borders with their help while the days are dull and the earth unresponsive.

Bright borders

● Spring is never far away even on the coldest, dullest winter day. But on such days plan your garden borders.—SAYS OUR HOME GARDENER

EVEN during July you can set out hardy annuals, biennials, and perennials unless you live on the mountains or on a plateau of high altitude—when, of course, you must plan instead of plant.

But in the warmer, more favored districts of the Commonwealth, the borders can be improved and brightened up considerably in spring by mid-winter plantings of delphiniums (roots or seedlings), snapdragons, ageratum (which will withstand quite a hard frost), many everlasting plants, columbines, alyssum, agatheia (lovely yellow-centred blue daisy), Canterbury bells, and candytuft.

Most nurserymen sell advanced plants of the best natives such as didiscus, chorizema, flannel-flower, kangaroo and catspaws, and brachycome. They are all gay—and helpful.

Clarkias, larkspurs, godetias, cornflowers, forget-me-nots, lobelia, annual chrysanthemums, primulas, stocks, feeland poppies, annual and biennial gaillardias, geums, heucheras, gerberas, the hardest of the marigolds, linarias, lupins, panicles, mimulus, and nemesia can still be planted out—and they will paint the borders in the very brightest, gayest colors during spring—and well into summer.

Cuttings of geraniums and pelargoniums can also be set out at the backs of the borders, also seedlings of annual and biennial hollyhocks, golden rod, and other tall subjects.

SOME NEW TRENDS IN MAKE-UP...

LAATEST reports from overseas beauty centres are that the current cosmetic season is unusually interesting and "different."

Lip Colors and Lines: Heading the list, on the score of newness, are the half-tone (or unconventional) lipsticks.

Up to now we've happily vacillated season by season between blue-red, red-yellow, and red-red, depending on the immediate fashion picture.

But that's all changed with the discovery of half-tones, found in the new light brown, tickle-pink, dark brown, bright blue, and grey lipsticks.

John Fredericks, internationally known milliner, is responsible for these innovations, and his half-tone lip colors are said to be as distinctive as his personality bonnets.

The shades are keyed to hair-coloring. For blondes the pink lipstick with a matching, very pink powder. Lightish-brown, verging on terra-cotta, with earth-tone powder for redheads. Brunettes wear the dark brown lipstick and toning powder.

But the opportunity to look really sensational is left to ultra-modern, white-haired ladies, for whom, believe it or not, there is a misty

By **CAROLYN EARLE**
Our Beauty Expert

bluish powder and choice of a lipstick that is really blue or one that is off-white to grey in tone. The latter is said to be superb on a poised, grey-haired woman wearing a silver lame evening gown.

Nobody seems to be waxing enthusiastic, though, about the blue and grey half-tones which give a wan, ghostlike look to the wearer, and are definitely for the few.

As distinct from color it is interesting to discover that the Botticelli lipline is still featured in America.

You may recall I told you a few months ago about the trick of make-up that curves the lips into a sweet, appealing look inspired by Botticelli's 15th-century paintings.

The whole effect hinges on curving the centre of the lower lip inwards, instead of drawing a straight, unbroken line across. Try it some time.

Under the banner "protection against winter chapping" comes the very bright answer to a pressing need—a lipstick fortified with vitamin D in the form of cod liver oil, guaranteed not to smell fishy. It promises to stay put, comes in a wide color variety, and protects the lips in all temperatures.

Second-color Powdering: A variation of the half-tone development is seen in the return of the second-color powder technique. Powder half-tones are pale mauve, pale green, deeper pink, and tan, a light coat being applied over the usual powder color to move the complexion one notch nearer roseglow or suntan for daytime, or at night to give a translucent look with the pale green or mauve.

Possibly lots of you will remember the vogue for green and mauve over-powdering that hit this country a few years before the war, causing a fine flurry in cosmetic-using circles. One felt very modish and sophisticated fluffing that final dusting of mauve or green on one's gala features. Excellent effect under night lights, too.

Summing Up: To sum up the beauty situation generally, it seems the season offers a choice of two prevailing "faces": first a combination of warmly tinted powder-base, the pretty-pretty youthful look of pink powder, and a low-keyed, light-in-tone lipstick.

The second, equally desirable and a little newer, an ivory-tinted powder base, applied and let be without powder—perhaps even polished to a faint sheen—and worn with a deep-toned lipstick, crimson or richly glowing red.

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(Original letter in our office.)



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SEE MENU 1 below for details of preparing this appetizing fish dinner: A baby leatherjacket thinly spread with anchovy paste, then steamed and baked, served with a hearty, hot sweet of rhubarb topped with apple and raisin whirls.



Featuring Fish



By Our Food and Cookery Experts

WHETHER a kindly neighbor presents you with part of his catch or whether the fish comes home in the shopping basket, there's still the promise of good eating ahead for every member of the family.

There are so many types of fish, and so many ways to serve it, that catering for the family whims and tastes becomes a very simple matter.

Fish is a wholesome, nutritious food—as nourishing as meat, though slightly less satisfying.

When fish features as the main dish of the meal it is wise to include a substantial, sweet to make the menu more satisfying.

This point has not been overlooked in the menus on this page. Hot, hearty sweets are included to make a balanced meal.

There is nothing easier to cook than fish—if you follow a few simple rules you'll find the family calling for cheers for the cook.

Remember fish is more likely to be overcooked than undercooked; cooking must be gentle.

Fish cooked in liquid should be kept just below simmering point to prevent flesh breaking.

Before preparing, wash fish thor-

oughly in salted water to remove dark membrane from inside.

Coarse-skinned fish should be skinned before cooking. Using salted fingers and a sharp knife slit skin across tail, up both sides and across top near head. Grasp firmly and peel skin off quickly from tail to head.

Rub fish with a cut lemon before cooking to improve flavor and, of course, lemon wedges or lemon slices should always be served with fish dishes.

MENU 1
(See color photograph.)
Baked Fish with Anchovy,
Diced Carrot and Green Peas,
Creamed Potato,
Rhubarb with Apple and Raisin Whirls.

BAKED FISH WITH ANCHOVY

Five small leatherjacket or bream, 2 tablespoons anchovy paste (or anchovy if preferred), 1½ cups browned breadcrumbs, lemon wedges, parsley.

Wash fish well in salted water, dry thoroughly. Trim fins and tail. Spread lightly on one side with anchovy paste, place paste side down into breadcrumbs. Spread upper side lightly with paste, turn over so that both sides are completely covered with breadcrumbs. Press crumbs well on to fish with broad-bladed knife. Place on greased oven tray, bake in hot oven (400deg F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot garnished with lemon wedges, parsley, and slices of cucumber and tomato. For five.

RHUBARB WITH APPLE AND RAISIN WHIRLS

One small bunch rhubarb, ½ cup sugar, scant ½ cup water, grated rind of 1 orange, 2 apples, 1 cup raisins, 1½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2oz. margarine or butter, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 dessertspoon sugar.

Wash rhubarb well, cut into 1in. lengths. Place in ovenware dish, sprinkle with the ½ cup sugar and orange rind. Add water. Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening. Add lemon rind and the dessertspoon sugar. Mix to a firm dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn out on floured board, knead slightly, roll thinly. Cover with very finely chopped apples and raisins. Moisten edges of dough, roll firmly. Cut into slices ½in. thick. Place round edge of dish containing rhubarb, packing closely together. Brush with milk. Bake in a hot oven (400deg F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Serve piping hot. For five.

MENU 2
Crusty Fish Scallop,
Baked Tomato Halves,
Potato Puffs,
Hot Nutmeg Cake, with Lemon Sauce.

CRUSTY FISH SCALLOP

One tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon diced parboiled red or green pepper, 1 tablespoon flour, salt, pinch cayenne, 1½ cups milk, 2 cups cooked flaked fish, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 2 hard-

boiled eggs, 2 cups crushed cornflakes, parsley, lemon wedges.

Melt margarine or butter, add onion and red or green pepper, cook gently without browning until tender. Stir in flour, salt, and cayenne, cook 3 or 4 minutes without browning. Add milk, stir until boiling. Arrange fish in well-greased ovenware dish, sprinkle with lemon juice. Add a layer of sliced hard-boiled eggs, top with half the crushed cornflakes. Pour sauce over, top with balance of crushed cornflakes. Bake in moderate oven (350deg F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot garnished with parsley and lemon wedges. For four.

HOT NUTMEG CAKE

Two ounces margarine or butter, 2oz. sugar, vanilla, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons finely minced peel, 4oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, pinch salt, 1 cup milk.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar, orange rind, and vanilla. Add unbeaten egg, mixing well, then peel. Fold in sifted flour, nutmeg, and salt alternately with milk. Turn into greased 8in. sandwich-tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot, cut in wedges, with clear lemon sauce. For four or five.

LEMON SAUCE

Three tablespoons sugar, 1 cup water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tea-

spoon butter, pinch of salt, 1 dessertspoon arrowroot.

Place sugar, water, lemon rind and juice, and salt into small saucepan. When nearly boiling stir in arrowroot blended with an extra 2 tablespoons water. Stir while mixture comes to boil and simmers 2 or 3 minutes. Add butter, mix well. Serve with hot nutmeg cake.

MENU 3
Oven-poached Schnapper, with Mustard Sauce,
Creamed Potato in Tomato Cases,
Spinach, Parsnip Slices,
Apple and Prune Pie.

OVEN-POACHED SCHNAPPER WITH MUSTARD SAUCE

One pound schnapper cutlets, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, lemon and parsley to garnish.

Sauce: One dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 dessertspoon mixed mustard, 1 scant dessertspoon flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 egg-yolk, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Wash fish well in salted water, dry. Place in greased ovenware dish, add milk and salt. Sprinkle lemon rind lightly over fish. Cover with greased paper and bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes until flesh is soft, white, and flaky. Serve hot with mustard sauce spooned over each portion. Garnish with lemon and parsley.

Continued on page 43

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ON YOUR
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COCKTAIL FRANKFURTS tucked under a blanket of snowy mashed potato make good fare for midweek luncheons. Serve with beans and tomato slices.

Prizes to readers for

ECONOMY RECIPES

● Spiced knuckle of veal simmered with tomatoes makes a tasty and economical dish. This recipe wins first prize this week.

AMONG other prizes is one given for the excellent suggestion for packing lemons to send overseas which comes to us from a New South Wales reader.

Mrs. Thomson suggests packing lemons in oatmeal in place of the usual sawdust. The cereal may then be used to supplement the food ration.

Have you a good recipe you would like to share with other readers? Why not send it along? Write your name and address on each page and forward it to this office. You may win a cash prize.

SPICED KNUCKLE OF VEAL WITH TOMATOES

One knuckle of veal, 1 tablespoon flour, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 onion, 1 pint stock or water, 2 cloves, 1 teaspoon allspice, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 3 medium tomatoes.

Roll knuckle in seasoned flour. Heat fat in pan and brown knuckle. Remove. Add finely chopped onion, fry lightly. Add balance of flour, allow to brown. Add stock or water, cloves, allspice, lemon juice, pepper and salt, and stir till boiling. Turn into saucepan, add knuckle, cover, and simmer gently 2 hours. Lift knuckle out—cool slightly. Remove all meat from bone. Cut into dice. Return diced meat to saucepan with tomatoes, which have been skinned, and cook for further 15 minutes. Serve hot garnished with chopped parsley.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Burns, 40 Bamfield St., Sandringham SS, Vic.

PACKING LEMONS FOR OVERSEAS

Select fruit when just beginning to ripen. Clip lemons carefully from tree, cutting on to, but not into, the button or calyx. Handle fruit carefully to prevent bruising.

Wipe free from dust and dip each lemon into a solution of borax, allowing 1 lb. to each 2 quarts of water. Dry thoroughly. Dip in melted paraffin, giving each lemon a thin but complete coating. Place on waxed paper to set. Pack in oatmeal, making certain that lemons do not touch each other or the sides of the box. Box or carton should be completely and firmly filled to prevent displacement of lemons during transport. It would be wise to line the box with tissue paper before packing. Sawdust may be used in place of oatmeal, but the cereal is suggested as it may be put to further use.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Thomson, 76 Elizabeth St., Granville, N.S.W.

ECONOMY DINNER DISH

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon margarine or good fat, salt and pepper, pinch herbs, 4oz. grated raw potato, 4oz. grated raw carrot, 1 small onion, 4oz. sausage meat, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, about 4 tablespoons milk.

Rub shortening into sifted flour. Season with salt, pepper, and herbs and add vegetables, meat and parsley. Mix to make into fairly soft dough. Pack in well-greased pudding basin. Cover with piece of greased paper. Steam over boiling water for 1½ to 2 hours. Serve with brown vegetable sauce and vegetables.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Helen Ruff, 16 Redmyre Rd., Strathfield, N.S.W.

SAVORY PIKELETS

Four ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 1 small onion, pinch pepper.

Sift flour, salt and pepper. Make a well in centre. Drop in egg, beating well with wooden spoon. Add milk gradually, stirring all the time, to make smooth batter. Fold in cheese, parsley, and finely minced onion. Have ready a greased griddle iron or heavy frying-pan. Pre-heat thoroughly before dropping dessertspoonful of mixture on to pan. When lightly browned underneath and top of pikelet is beginning to bubble, turn over and cook on other side. Serve piping hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. McGibbon, Torquay, via Urran, Qld.

FEATURING FISH ...

Continued from page 42

To Make Sauce: Melt margarine or butter, add flour and mustard. Cook 2 or 3 minutes over low heat without allowing to brown. Add milk, stir until boiling. Cool slightly, add beaten egg-yolk; stir over boiling water 5 minutes. Just before serving fold in lemon juice. For five or six.

APPLE AND PRUNE PIE

One tin, cooked pastry-case, 1½ cups cooked prunes, 2 cups sliced apple (free from syrup), grated rind and juice of 1 orange and 1 lemon, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup prune juice, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 teaspoon arrowroot.

Combine prune juice, honey, sugar, fruit rind and juice. Add blended arrowroot and stir over heat until mixture boils and thickens. Simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Chop prunes finely, mix with stewed apple, add to sauce. Fill into cooked pastry-case, return to hot oven (400deg. F.) to reheat filling and pastry. Serve hot with custard or cream. For five or six.

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